

Fimmie

AND THE

JUNIOR SAFETY COUNCIL



BOOTHE





M. C. Hoopes

The Safety Parade

Fimmie
&

THE JUNIOR SAFETY COUNCIL

By Stella Boothe

Co-author of
Mary Gay Stories



Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York

World Book Company

2126 Prairie Avenue, Chicago

1926

WORLD BOOK COMPANY

THE HOUSE OF APPLIED KNOWLEDGE

Established 1905 by Caspar W. Hodgson

YONKERS-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

2126 PRAIRIE AVENUE, CHICAGO

The training of children in habits of safety has taken on new importance, since the number of deaths and injuries resulting to them from accidents has grown to a startling figure. Here, as in many other matters, it is dynamic education that is effective, — “the education that teaches children to master things and actions as well as words and rules.” It is hoped that *Jimmie and the Junior Safety Council* will suggest ways for giving and getting effective education in accident prevention. An organization of the kind described in this little story offers children an opportunity to do something immediate and practical; it gives a social outlet to the normal “gang impulse”; and it provides training in habits that have lasting personal and civic values

BJJSC-1

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PRINTED IN U.S.A.

PREFACE

THE game of avoiding trouble may be made just as much fun as the more precarious one of daring danger. Since children, as a rule, are eager to know the how and why of things, the subject of safety may become the vehicle for a great deal of diversified knowledge. Once the children are able to see clearly the facts and their own responsibility, they are quick to put their knowledge into practice.

The value of safety education can be readily seen by contrasting the accident reports of districts where the subject is being taught with those where it is not. A decline in the number of accidents and fatalities is practically the universal result; but safety, like many other things, requires constant practice to make it effective; any slacking of interest or failure to impress the responsibility for following sensible precautions will be reflected quickly in the increase of accidents. Teachers and parents are therefore under a constant obligation to keep alive their own interest in the subject.

The stories in this book have, in a sense, grown out of the theater built in 1923, for the National Safety Council, to present a method of teaching safety. The book is presented to boys and girls with the hope that, seeing how Jimmie, Mary Gay, and the other children meet problems not unlike their own, they will face their responsibilities with equal sincerity and enthusiasm. Many of the experiences of the children in the book are taken from newspapers or directly from school reports.

If the boys and girls who read the book are thereby moved to organize Junior Safety Councils, one of the purposes of the book will be accomplished. Suggestions for activities that Councils may find it profitable to undertake are given in the Handbook for Safety Education, at the back of the book.

To Miss Mary Noel Arrowsmith, Director Education Division of the National Safety Council, I am greatly indebted for her generous assistance in making material available, her careful reading of the manuscript, and her many helpful suggestions. Acknowledgment is made also to Mr. Sidney Williams, Director Public Safety Division National Safety Council, and Miss Sade Oppenheimer of the Rivington Street Branch, New York City Library, for reading the book in manuscript.

STELLA BOOTHE

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INTRODUCTION

ONE of the most delicate and difficult problems of safety education is the presentation of safety ideas in such a form as to appeal to the intelligence and idealism of boys and girls. An attempt to appeal to fear, or to false sentimentality, or to a false valuation of the place that safety should hold in their lives will render safety teaching of no effect and sometimes actually harmful. As a matter of fact, safety does not need any such help. There is a human quality in the idea of protecting and preserving human life that makes its own direct, simple appeal to children. In these stories of *Jimmie and the Junior Safety Council*, real boys and girls meet real situations by coming up hard against them; they face real problems and attack them in a wholehearted, generous, and sometimes heroic way. Many of the stories are based on actual fact, and all of them are true in the sense that they represent the natural response of normal children.

At this stage in the development of safety education it is important not merely to develop the content and implications of safety but to present the subject in a charming and vital way. Miss Boothe has made a distinctly worth-while contribution to the existing literature of safety for children, and I wish to take this opportunity of thanking her for allowing the Education Division of the National Safety Council to use some of these stories in its magazine, *Safety Education*.

ALBERT W. WHITNEY

*Vice President in Charge of Education
National Safety Council*



Jimmie and Mary Gay wished that something exciting would happen

CHAPTER ONE

JIMMIE LONGS FOR ADVENTURE

SUNSHINE slipped through the leaves of the old pear tree and touched with flickering fingers a close-cropped red head and a bobbed black one. The owner of the red hair closed his boy-scout knife with a click, yawned, and stretched himself full length on the grass; but the bobbed one bent her head over unruly jacks, set upon escaping from her anxious hand.

"There!" she exclaimed, catching the elusive jacks in one hand. "I did it!"

"You know," said the boy, as he watched an ant busily making its way through the grass just beyond his hand, "you know I wish something exciting — something — well, something exciting — would happen before school begins."

"Like what, Jimmie?" inquired Mary Gay, putting her jacks into a little bag and pulling the string tight.

"Oh, something — different — you know."

"Like — like —" Mary Gay encouraged, for if her cousin Jimmie had a plan she wanted to be in it.

Fortunately at that moment a voice called from the sunroom window, and Jimmie, glad to escape further questioning, scrambled to his feet and was off toward the house, sniffing the air in the hope that it might bring him tidings of hot cookies.

Mary Gay followed him, and when they reached the house they found the family in council. Abruptly they stopped in the doorway, looking expectantly from one to another of their elders.

"We've a surprise for you!" said Doctor Bruce, with a smile in his nice gray eyes.

"Oh, Uncle Doctor!" exclaimed Mary Gay excitedly. "What is it?"

Then it all came out. The men at the big mill were going to send the doctor to a safety convention, and he was going to take "mother and Jimmie and —" they hung upon his words — "and Mary Gay!" with him.

"Goody, goody!" cried Mary Gay, hugging her mother.

"Hoo-ray!" shouted Jimmie, tossing one of his mother's bright little sofa cushions in the air.

Almost at once they were deep in plans and preparations. At first it seemed like a long time ahead, but almost before they knew it the day — and the hour — and the very minute — had come. Mary Gay, who

had been so elated when she boarded the train, now looked ruefully out of a window that was rapidly pulling away from her father and mother. Now they were out of sight. She turned away to see Doctor George's eyes twinkling at her. She returned his look, smiling courageously, though her own eyes were a bit blurred. After all, she was with Uncle Doctor, Aunt Alida, and Jimmie !

Doctor George asked the porter for a table. He moved over to a seat across the aisle, opened his brief case, and took out a lot of typewritten sheets. Aunt Alida explained that he was going to read a paper at the meeting. She said that he wished to work on it, so they must be careful not to disturb him. Jimmie got out his cards and they played Old Maid, and then Mary Gay got out her jacks and they had a lot of fun, because every once in a while it was just as if the train had jogged your elbow.

Two seats away from Mary Gay and Jimmie was a boy about five years old. He kept running by them. Aunt Alida could see that he was bothering Doctor George, so she asked him if he would look at books or play games with Mary Gay and Jimmie. But every time they would try to have him sit beside them he would wiggle off the seat and run in the aisle again. Once he almost bumped into the conductor, who said to him, "Look out, young man ! Running in the aisle is dangerous business — better stay with your mother." His mother spoke to him, too, but she looked as if she did not expect him to mind — and of course he didn't.

Finally the train went around a sharp curve just as the little fellow ran past Doctor George, and over he went, hitting his head against the hard wood of the seat. Doctor George picked him up quickly and carried him, kicking and screaming, to his mother. But even before the porter could get back with the ice that the doctor called for, a bump growing bigger every moment began to show on the boy's head.

It was a funny thing that the people near by seemed almost relieved. You see they had been expecting this very thing to happen, and they couldn't enjoy the scenery or their books or anything because every time the child passed they'd look up anxiously, and now that it had actually happened they were rather glad that it was over!

A little later the conductor came in and sat down beside Doctor George, who took a letter out of his pocket. The conductor read it and nodded. They talked a while and then invited Mary Gay and Jimmie to join them. Doctor George introduced them to the conductor, who said:

"So you're going to ride on the engine! Well, not many people are allowed to do it. You're lucky to have official friends."

Mary Gay and Jimmie looked from the conductor to Doctor George with widening eyes and puzzled expressions.

"Think the best place to get on is Three Forks." The conductor turned to Doctor Bruce. "That's the beginning of another division and the run from there on is pretty — through the pass, you know." He looked

at his watch and rose, then added : "We reach there at eight-thirty tomorrow, leave at forty-five, with three hours to the next stop." Then he left them, walking briskly down the aisle.

Doctor George smiled at the two astonished children and handed them the letter. They scanned the page eagerly. At the very top it announced that it was from the general offices of the railroad company — which gave it an important look. It was a very polite letter, requesting the conductor and engineer in charge of the train on which Doctor Bruce and party were traveling to allow them the privilege of riding on the electric engine! Under the signature was typewritten "Vice President."

"Father!"

"Uncle!"

Doctor George beamed at them and nodded. Then he asked : "Do you think you'll be able to get up in time to have breakfast by eight o'clock tomorrow?"

Would they? Indeed they would be able to do that; but would they be able to wait for all the hours between now and tomorrow morning to drag by!

The waiting was not so bad as they expected. There were many things to look at while they whirled along. Then they had dinner on the train and walked through cars and cars before they reached the diner. There it was fun to watch the waiters holding their trays high as they walked rapidly between the tables. They seemed to swing their trays to the rhythm of the train, but they never spilled anything on the people sitting at the tables.

When bedtime came Jimmie climbed into the high berth on one side of the train and Mary Gay went up the little steps the porter held for her, climbed into the one opposite, and buttoned the curtains. After a while she heard Jimmie calling her softly, and she peeked between her curtains. Soon they were having a grand time talking to each other.

"Here, here!" called Doctor George, catching sight of two heads that seemed to be growing out of green curtains. "No fair sticking heads out of windows or berths! You don't want to fall out and bump your own heads, and you don't want to bump the head of anybody walking along the aisle. Duck in!"

Hastily they squirmed back into their berths, but they kept the curtains open so that they could see and signal to each other until their eyes were too tired to look. Then they snuggled down and went to sleep.

No one called out "Three Forks" the next morning, but they were standing in the vestibule with Doctor George ready to leave the car as soon as the train stopped.

"Don't you-all run the injine off the track," warned the porter, shaking his kinky head and grinning broadly as he placed his little stool for them to step down.

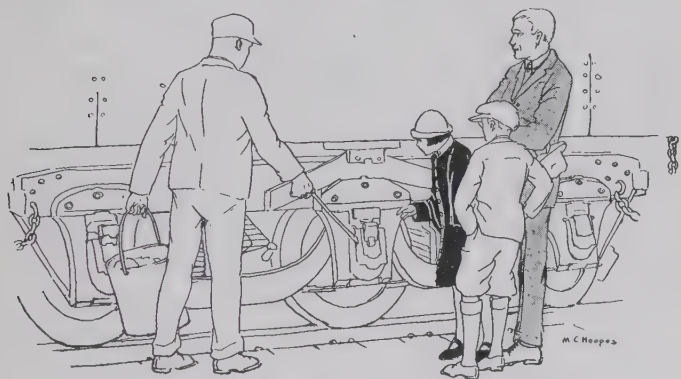
"You bet we won't," said Jimmie.

"Umm-uh!" chimed in Mary Gay.

As they walked along the train they noticed a workman carrying a bucket in one hand and a rod in the other. He stopped beside the wheels threw open something with a quick motion, peered in, and then went on. Of course Mary Gay and Jimmie were curi-

ous, and Doctor George explained that the man was examining the stuffing boxes. To keep the wheels running smoothly and safely, he explained, it was necessary to keep them lubricated ; and so the workman put oil-soaked waste into the stuffing boxes whenever it was needed.

“You’ve heard of hotboxes?” asked Doctor George, and they nodded. “This is a way to prevent them.”



Stuffing boxes must be kept lubricated

Finally they reached the engine. It was not at all like a steam engine. It was very big — long and flat on top, except for a framelike thing that looked as if it belonged to a radio set. They knew that it must have something to do with the electric power, because it was touching the wire above. Afterwards they found out that it was called the pantagraph and that it was the engine’s contact with the overhead third rail, or power wire.

The first person they met was the fireman. He was still called that, even if he did not shovel coal. It

was his job to go around the motors with a shiny copper oilcan and some cotton waste and keep them oiled. He led them through a long narrow passage lined with windows. On one side they looked out-of-doors, and on the other they could see huge, mysterious looking motors. Jimmie would have liked to ask a lot of questions about the big coils and things, but he did not know how; so he just followed along. Then they came to the front of the engine. It was almost like being on the front platform of a street car — a very, very big street car — except that the place for the engineer was at the right and not directly in front.

Soon the engineer came climbing up a little iron ladder over the front of the engine and joined them. Doctor George handed him the letter, but before he read it he smiled at Mary Gay and Jimmie and made them like him right away. Then he sat down by the controls, a signal came, he answered with two short blasts of the whistle overhead, he moved the controls a little, and the train began to move. He moved the controls farther and then a little farther, and in no time the big, long, steel train was going sixty miles an hour!

They were gradually going up and up over the mountain and Mr. Barnes (that was the engineer's name) showed them the track they had been over, far below, and pointed to the pass beyond where they soon would be. Of course they were eager to learn about signals, and he taught them the "clear" signal and told them what the "stop" and "caution" signals looked like. Once, at a station that was like a tiny box on the lonesome plateau, they saw the agent come out and hold up

a queer round thing. Mr. Barnes leaned out of his window, and as the big engine dashed by he caught a little slip of paper off the top.

"That," said Mr. Barnes, "is the hoop, and we get some of our orders that way." He reached for the cord and pulled two long and two short blasts. "You almost let me get by that signal," he said, and Mary Gay and Jimmie did remember the little white post with the black W on it, but they had flashed by so quickly that their eyes and minds had hardly taken it in.

"You have to think mighty quick to be an engineer," said Jimmie.

"You have to see so quickly too," Mary Gay added.

"What," asked Doctor George, coming into the conversation, "do you consider the most important qualification for an engineer?"

Mr. Barnes looked thoughtfully at the converging rails that shone in the sun like narrow silver ribbons.

"I think," he said slowly, "that I would put the ability to form good habits first."

Doctor George gave him a quick look of question. Mary Gay and Jimmie wondered just what he meant.

"I think I'd put the habit of observation and obedience first. It is absolutely essential for an engineer to see and to act without hesitation — and often without question. Of course health and good moral habits are necessary." He turned to the children. "What about that signal?"

They shook their heads, for it was not "Clear" or "Caution," and it did not look like a regular stop signal either.

“That means we’re to stop for orders.” This time he pulled the cord for one long and one short, the whistle for stations, curves, or trains.

There were only a few scattered houses on one side of the track, and the long train, like a great tape line, seemed to measure the straggling length of the town. Quietly the train stopped, and Mr. Barnes and the conductor went into the tiny station. In a few moments they appeared again, each carrying a bit of paper. Back in their places they exchanged signals and the long train went on its journey. Mr. Barnes handed the paper to Mary Gay and Jimmie, and this is what they saw :

C & E Westward bound trains Do not exceed
speed of 10 mi. per hr. between signal — and sig-
nal — . J. N. Jones, Div. Supt.

Then he explained that both the conductor and the engineer had to read such an order and sign for it, because it had to do with the safety of the train and there must be no possibility of misunderstanding.

“And what do you suppose is the matter?” Jimmie inquired hesitatingly.

“Don’t know,” replied Mr. Barnes. “But I expect a track walker found the rails spreading a little, or something like that, and he notified the division superintendent, who has sent the order to every train passing on that track.”

“I didn’t know they had track walkers,” Mary Gay ventured.

“Yes, indeed, they add very much to the safety of travel.”

"The railroads have made a very great point of safety," remarked Doctor George.

"Safety meetings are held once a month; but there is a discipline meeting each week, and if there has been an accident or any disregard for the safety rules the case is taken up there. The testimony of the man is taken, but he is not present. There are no excuses. A friend of mine that had twelve years of perfect record ran past a signal, and he was suspended for thirty days and forfeited his pay. You see they have inspectors who test the men by changing the signals or placing torpedoes on the track. So if a man is not observing and obeying he is checked up at once."

"Torpedoes?" chorused Mary Gay and Jimmie.

"Torpedoes are placed on the track behind a disabled train to warn the train following. When the engineer hears a torpedo, he knows that there is trouble ahead and that he must stop at once."

Shrilly the whistle blew. The train was approaching a town, and Mary Gay and Jimmie began to realize that their fascinating ride was drawing to a close. They looked about the little enclosed space to make sure of recalling what it was like.

"Just remember," said Mr. Barnes, "that the railroads are doing their best to reduce accidents. But in spite of their efforts the rate of deaths is kept up by people who trespass on railroad property where they have no right, or by thoughtless, stupid people who seem to think that a train going sixty or seventy miles an hour can turn out for them. In 1924 there were 2135 people killed at crossings and 6333 injured."

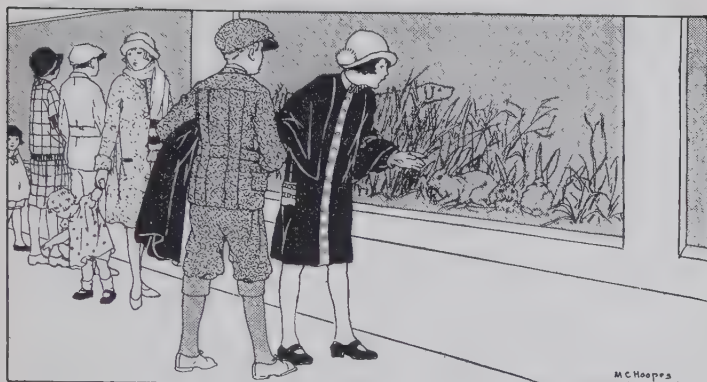
"You know a lot about safety," Jimmie said admiringly.

"Well, I am on our local safety committee," Mr. Barnes answered. "You must be sure to learn all that you can at the Safety Congress," he added as he brought the train to a stop.

"We will — we will," called Mary Gay and Jimmie as they went down the little iron ladder, right over the front of the engine that had been going so terribly fast only a few moments before. A wave of the hand and a hasty glance over their shoulders, and they hurried back to their car. It seemed queer and closed in after the ride at the very front of the train where they could see the valleys, mountains, and rivers unroll before them.

"It was sort of like flying," whispered Mary Gay, and Jimmie nodded.

When they arrived at the station, late that afternoon, they saw large signs welcoming delegates to the Safety Congress. Friends greeted each other, and there was a bustling activity that was quite contagious. Mary Gay and Jimmie began to feel that they too were delegates — coming to take part in an important event.



Mollie Cottontail has safety rules of her own

CHAPTER TWO

AT THE SAFETY CONGRESS

DURING the first few days of the convention Doctor George was very busy going to all kinds of meetings, seeing people, and talking over many important problems; but later he found time to take Mary Gay and Jimmie to see some of the interesting things on display in the big hotel.

"Look — look — the doll's house!" Mary Gay tugged at Jimmie's arm.

"Yes, it's a good model." The voice was Jimmie's, but the words sounded like Doctor George. "It's a new kind of fire escape —" he continued loftily, "and —"

"I can read the label too," returned Mary Gay shortly, annoyed at Jimmie for appearing so grown up and at herself for being so unobserving."

Carefully they studied the little four-story building with its special fire escape.

"How'd you like to go down that?" asked Doctor George.

"I'd go scooting away from the fire, rather than stay with it," Mary Gay replied.

As they strolled along the aisle with Doctor George, he explained some of the exhibits to them.

"Gee, but there's a lot to safety!" Jimmie thrust his hands into his pockets as he peered at the heavy wire guards for sharp-edged machinery.

The children looked up and down the long corridor, and it was just full of things to make people more safe.

The pulmotor was most entertaining. Mary Gay and Jimmie put their hands where they could feel the rhythmic ebb and flow of its action. Doctor George explained it very carefully and they were sure — that is, fairly sure — that they understood how it worked. Anyway, they felt that it certainly would make you start breathing again!

Jimmie was especially interested in the divers' outfits, and he longed mightily to try on one of the respirators for workers exposed to fumes or dust. Some of them were like the one his father had worn in the war. When Mary Gay and Jimmie went back to their hotel they were tired from a long afternoon of seeing new things.

The next day it was raining hard, but Doctor George thought they'd better visit the big hall where the exhibits showing safety education for children were placed.

Through the rain they went, holding their umbrellas high so that they could see where they were going. As Doctor George said, "Better not have any umbrella at all if you're going to bump into people or get run over!" They had to watch out for taxis, too. Just before they reached the hall a taxi went splashing by them, and made Jimmie look as if he had twice as many freckles as he really had and gave Mary Gay a big blob of mud right on the end of her nose. They wiped the mud off, glad that it had not gone into their mouths or eyes, and that they had seen the taxi in time to stop for it to pass by them, not over them.

They were very glad to check their dripping umbrellas at the door of the hall. Every one had to do that, and it was a good thing, too, because some of the children were very thoughtless. The boy ahead of Mary Gay and Jimmie had kept them dodging the sharp end of his umbrella all the way upstairs.

Doctor George left them in the exhibit hall to wander about alone, because he had to attend a committee meeting. So Mary Gay and Jimmie, feeling quite independent but hesitating a bit timidly, began to look about by themselves. They did not know just where to begin — there were so many things to see! Then the posters caught Mary Gay's eye.

"I'd like to make posters." She pointed to one gay with yellow, orange, and brown, showing children playing on a safe playground. "You know it's quite a trick to cut all those figures from colored paper and paste them on, and make them look like a regular picture."

"I'd rather be on safety patrol like these fellows." Jimmie indicated a photograph of some safety scouts.

"Isn't that a good one?" said Mary Gay. "The one showing a big boy helping some little children across the street."

"Of course, that's what a big boy ought to do," Jimmie replied, throwing out his chest and looking very grown up.

"But they don't always remember," returned Mary Gay.

Slowly they wandered around the room, looking at the walls aglow with fascinating posters in all colors, posters warning of many dangers, of playing in the street, crossing the street, crossing railroad tracks, playing with fire. Some of them told of the duties of the traffic officer and others showed what a help the safety scout could be. They told, too, of the safe playground, and pictured the policeman and the fireman as friends of the children.

"Will you look at this, Mary Gay?" said Jimmie, tugging at her arm. "It's a regular house!"

Other children had discovered the house at the same moment, and before Mary Gay could join Jimmie a crowd of them pushed in between.

"Here, you!" called a big boy to three others who were pushing their way through the crowd without regard for any one else. "You'll have to cut that out."

"Well, who are you, anyway?" mocked one of the trio as he pushed a smaller child out of the way with his elbow.

"I'm a safety scout," the big boy answered quietly, "and I'm going to put you out of the room if you push any more children."

"Oh, you will — will —" but the smarty voice died in the boy's throat, his mouth opened, and he gaped in astonishment.

"How's everything?" a deep voice asked. A big policeman was speaking over the heads of the children to the boy keeping order.

"Don't think I'll have any trouble, Captain," returned the scout, and he grinned, because the three unruly ones were making off as fast as they could — and without pushing other children.

Jimmie wormed his way to Mary Gay.

"It would have served them right if he'd told the policeman," he said.

The boy with the safety patrol armband was coming nearer. Jimmie turned to him. "Do you have safety scouts in your school?"

"Yes; it's the only school that has them now, but the others are going to have them next year," he answered. "They need it, too," he grinned. "Safety makes you think about things — you know."

"I wish we had safety in our school," said Jimmie. "I think it's great and my father," he added proudly, "does a lot about it in the mill."

"Come on over here," motioned the boy, and he opened a book and showed Jimmie the pictures of the safety scouts on duty at school.

When Mary Gay and Jimmie returned to look at the house the crowd around it was smaller.

"Dear me," exclaimed Mary Gay, "that baby is going to fall out of the baby carriage! And look, Jimmie, there's another house that looks like this one — and yet it isn't the same."

"You see, children," said a pleasant voice behind them, "this is the Careless House, and the other side is the Careful House. If the people leave the baby carriage on the porch at the top of the steps, an accident may happen. In a careful house they wouldn't do that, you know."

"Yes, and upstairs there's a baby playing in the window," added Jimmie.

"Oh, Jimmie!" said Mary Gay, pulling at his sleeve, "see that other baby sitting on the kitchen floor with the butcher knife!"

"Um-hum," said Jimmie, "let's look on the other side."

And sure enough, they found there another child. But this one was playing with safe toys.

"It's just the opposite," said Mary Gay.

So the comparison went on. In one house a toddler was falling down the steps; in the other he stood by a gate across the stair.

"I didn't know so many things could happen at home," Jimmie acknowledged.

"I suppose we'll have to learn to be careful all the time," Mary Gay returned, "but it's hard to keep remembering."

"We'll just have to get a remembering habit," mused Jimmie as they reluctantly moved away from the two little houses.

"Oh, look!" Mary Gay pointed. "There is a dog, sniffing close to the ground, and there are some bunnies watching him as if they were afraid, — but they don't run away! Perhaps the dog doesn't see them."

"The little one looks pretty young. Perhaps he can't run very fast. But look, Mary Gay, when you stand right here you can hardly see either of them — only their eyes!"

"Aren't their eyes bright!" Mary Gay whispered. "I do hope that the dog won't find them!"

The lady with the pleasant voice explained that Mollie Cottontail was teaching her baby safety. She was showing him how he could rely on his soft brown coloring, which is exactly like Mother Earth, to protect him when the dog or fox is on his trail. Only, he must remember to freeze and sit where the wind will not carry the rabbity smell to the dog's sensitive nostrils.

"You see," the lady said, "the first part of the lesson is obedience."

Mary Gay and Jimmie looked at each other reflectively.

"It must be fun to know that they can sit near and not be seen," mused Jimmie.

"They must remember to sit perfectly still," the lady added.

"Why, it's really a safety game, Jimmie," said Mary Gay, and the lady smiled and nodded.

Next to the rabbits was a seagull walking on the beach. Mary Gay and Jimmie looked at it very closely before they said anything, because they felt sure some lesson was being taught.

"I see it," whispered Mary Gay. "Those little eggs among the pebbles."

"They are just as safe right out there as if they had been hidden."

"Of course," Mary Gay said, "that's the only way she could hide them on the beach."

More fascinating exhibits! Mary Gay was reading the printed explanations and trying to think them out while Jimmie, getting as near as he dared, tried to find out how the exhibits were made.

"Of course they aren't truly real," he muttered to himself, "but they're as real as anything."

A crowd of children had gathered around a big table. They seemed to be very much interested. Jimmie tugged again at Mary Gay's sleeve, and pulled her away from the neat house of Mr. and Mrs. Beaver before she had a chance to study it as much as she wanted to.

One of the ladies was saying, "Look up and down the street before crossing. Do not coast into dangerous places."

They peered over the shoulders of the other children. In the center of the table was a little Stop-and-Start signal to control traffic at the cross streets. A tiny boy doll was coasting down the hillside street in a push-wagon. Before their very eyes the traffic signal changed and the little street cars and automobiles began to move along the cross street. Alas for the pushwagon, it could not stop! An expression of dismay seemed to rest upon the face of its little wooden driver. The very smallest girl in the front row close to the table

covered her wide eyes with a chubby hand and gave a little gasp. When she looked again the giant hand of the kindly lady had swung the doll and pushwagon out of danger and the reassuring voice was telling them :

“It isn’t safe to coast or roller skate across car tracks or on busy streets.”

Jimmie and Mary Gay looked at each other guiltily.

Again the giant hand controlled affairs, this time walking a lady doll along the sidewalk, making her look to the left before she started across the street, and then to the right when she reached the center of the road.

“Look both ways when crossing,” the voice warned.

The little street car rattled to the corner, slowed down, and stopped. The giant hand reached in. A little figure posed on the step.

“To leave the car,” said the owner of the giant hand, “face forward, take hold of the grab-handle with the left hand,” — and the wee arm of the doll jerked out as he was told, — “and put the right foot to the ground first.” The doll did this with a mighty lurch and reached the street in safety.

There was a breath of relief as the voice said, “There is but one way to get off a street car safely.”

Mary Gay looked at Jimmie reflectively. “That’s the way father gets off the car. I know, because I’ve watched.”

“I’m glad we came,” said Jimmie, “but it’s given us a lot of remembering to do.”

“Yes, indeed,” Mary Gay agreed.

When Doctor George called for them at a quarter to five, they were surprised to find that they had been



The two boys sneaked away without waiting to see the consequences of their silly trick

there two whole hours. Many of the other children were leaving, too, and there was a crowd around the stand where the umbrellas were checked.

While they waited their turn, checks in hand, they noticed a little boy draw a lollipop from his pocket. He held it out, admiring its lovely orange color; then he rubbed it on his little pink tongue, enjoying the flavor. He was so intent upon the pleasures of the lollipop that he was quite unconscious of any one else.

Near by stood two boys, with their caps pulled low, eyeing a larger boy who was talking to a girl. The little boy just licked his lollipop lovingly, then with a sucking sound of complete contentment he slipped it into his mouth. At this very moment the big boy started to turn away from the girl. This was what the boys with the caps had been waiting for. One of them made a quick movement with his um-

brella, and without a warning the big boy went sprawling to the floor, carrying the little boy face downward with him!

There were exclamations and the noise of scraping feet. Doctor George stepped forward and lifted the child. The end of the lollipop stick was still visible, but the force of the fall had pushed the candy end so far back into his throat that he couldn't breathe. With quick, deft fingers the doctor removed the obstruction. The child's chest rose and fell with spasmodic efforts which soon became normal breathing, and his face regained a natural color. He no sooner had his breath than he began to cry loudly and furiously. He was frightened and he was angry! The grown people soothed him as best they could, greatly relieved to have him able to cry.

The big boy was anxious and apologetic, assuring every one over and over again that he couldn't help it. No one blamed him, because it was evident that some one had played a trick on him. One or two may have suspected the culprits, but they said nothing except to whisper among themselves when the excitement had died down. The two boys had sneaked guiltily away during the confusion. The trick had not come out as they expected and they were rather scared. They wanted to know what happened next, but they were afraid to go back. The intention had been merely to trip the big boy and make him look silly. It gave them a very uncomfortable feeling when they remembered the hasty glimpse they had caught, over their shoulders, of startled faces.

Mary Gay and Jimmie talked about it on their way home, and they were surprised when Doctor George told them that many children receive injuries from falling with lollipop sticks and pencils in their mouths, injuries so serious that they sometimes require surgical care.

“Well, it all goes to show,” Jimmie remarked, “that you can’t be too careful.”

“I think,” commented Mary Gay sagely, “that the one that really looks silly is the one that plays the smarty trick!”



Jimmie had made a safety sign for traffic

CHAPTER THREE

JOHN AND HIS PRIDE ARE SOON PARTED

JIMMIE was sitting on the back fence, busy, just as busy as he could be. He had two little flat pieces of board, a penknife, and a tack. As he sawed away at one of the pieces with his not-too-sharp knife, his tongue moved in and out as if it were eager to help him. The cutting accomplished, he carefully crossed the two short pieces and placed them at one end of the long stick. Holding them tightly together, he drove the tack into them with the handle of his penknife.

He put his hand into the pocket of his knickers and drew out a variety of things, — some string, a

nail, a whistle, a piece of peppermint candy, the top of a fountain pen. The thing he looked for was not there. Carefully he put everything back and felt in another pocket, his face screwing up in perplexity. Then he felt his coat pockets, and his face cleared as he drew from the right hand one a stubby lead pencil. He looked at the end reflectively; opened his knife and improved the point. Again his tongue came into play as he very carefully began to letter, "STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!" One blank space remained. Jimmie felt that he ought to put something there, but he didn't know what it should be. He was looking at it when Mary Gay came along.

"Jimmie, what are you making? Let me see," she asked as she scrambled up beside him. "Oh, I know what it is," she said. "Isn't it a railroad crossing sign? I want to make one, too. Where did you get your nice little boards?"

"Sh-h-h!" warned Jimmie, "I asked the office nurse. She gave me two tongue depressors. But what bothers me is I don't know what to put here," and he pointed to the blank space. "What do you think would be good?"

It was Mary Gay's turn to be puzzled.

"First I thought of 'Think,'" went on Jimmie, ruffling his red hair, "and then I thought of 'Remember,' 'Be Careful,' 'Be Safe,' but I just can't decide what it ought to be. I tell you," his face brightening, "let's go down and look at a real sign and see what it says!" Hastily he stuck the little sign into his coat pocket.

They climbed down from the fence and began the

search. They had not gone very far when they met Alec, John, and Tom.

“Say,” said Alec, pointing a finger, “what’s that thing in your pocket?”

“It’s a safety sign,” returned Jimmie, “like the signs they have for railroads and things — we saw all kinds of them at the Safety Convention. They had some made out of red — oh, lots of different ones. Some of them are for mines, and railroads, and elevators, and all kinds of things. I wish they’d start something in our school,” he spoke thoughtfully, “like what they have in some schools.”

“Have in schools, —” said Alec, “what do you mean, — have in schools?”

“I don’t mean signs. The things they have in schools are nicer than signs.”

“What do they have?” asked Tom curiously.

“Well, they have posters about safe playgrounds, and traffic rules, and all sorts of games about safety.”

“Will you listen to that!” jeered Alec. “Traffic rules — safe playgrounds — well, *we* play where we want to.” Then he added loftily, “If you mean that policeman that shoves the little sign — well, we don’t pay attention to him. We —”

“Well, you ought to —” interrupted Jimmie.

“It is very interesting,” Mary Gay was eager to restore harmony, “when you understand.”

“There’s no fun in hitching on trucks and jay-walking when you understand why you shouldn’t,” said Jimmie quite seriously.

“If you learn when you’re young,” Mary Gay ex-

plained, "it's easier to remember when you're older. There wouldn't be so many people hobbling around with broken legs or with their arms in slings, if —"

"How's that for sissy talk?" Alec smiled at the boys and then looked down upon her with a superior air.

Mary Gay's black eyes fairly snapped, and Jimmie's face flushed until it was as red as his hair.

"When you say that," said Mary Gay indignantly, "you show you don't know the difference between the word 'sissy' and 'sensible.'"

Alec stuck his hands in his pockets and rocked back on his heels.

"Well, I like to hitch on trucks, and I'll cross the street when I like any old way I like."

"Me, too," swaggered Tom, following Alec, who was the biggest.

"Um-m me, too," echoed John.

But Mary Gay and Jimmie stuck to their belief, although it required real courage to do it. "We're going to be careful, and we aren't sissies," Jimmie said.

"We know we're right," Mary Gay added staunchly, "'cause Uncle Doctor has told us all about it."

Jimmie was glad she stood so firmly by him, for Alec was known to be somewhat overbearing to the younger and smaller children.

"My father says —" Jimmie began.

"Well, so does mine say a lot of things, but I don't pay no attention to it," interrupted Alec.

"My father says," Jimmie went on doggedly, "that they have to teach —"

"Aw, tell somebody else that school-teacher stuff," Alec broke in again. Yet he barred the way, for he really was curious to hear more.

"I'm telling it to you." Jimmie thrust out his chin and doubled up his fists, rejoicing in a fine feeling of fearlessness. "And you'd better learn more about it before something happens to make you sorry."

"Yes, you'd better learn it, if you want to grow up with all your arms and legs," came from Mary Gay, refusing to be kept in the background.

"What does a girl know anyway?" Alec pretended contempt.

"I guess I know something," Mary Gay answered tartly. "Besides, Uncle Doctor would not tell us anything that's not true."

"Mary Gay knows what she's talking about," defended Jimmie.

"You'd better know a little more about hitching on trucks before you talk to us," Alec advised authoritatively. "We know how to do it without getting hurt, don't we?"

"Sure we do," said Tom and John, imitating the swaggering attitude of Alec.

Near them some little children were playing ball. One of the group missed her turn and darted out to capture the runaway ball just as a big truck rounded the corner. Fortunately the driver was able to slow down.

"Oh — oh!" squeaked two other children, pulling back the careless one. They stood on the curb breathlessly, watching the ball escape the front wheels only to roll directly into the path of a back wheel.

“See here, youse kids!” roared the driver, as the truck rolled by, “what do youse mean by playing like this? Don’t you think us drivers has any noives?”

There was a sharp pop as the hind wheel went over the poor ball and split it in two. Little squeals and exclamations came from the watching group.

“Now,” said Mary Gay, “some one almost —”

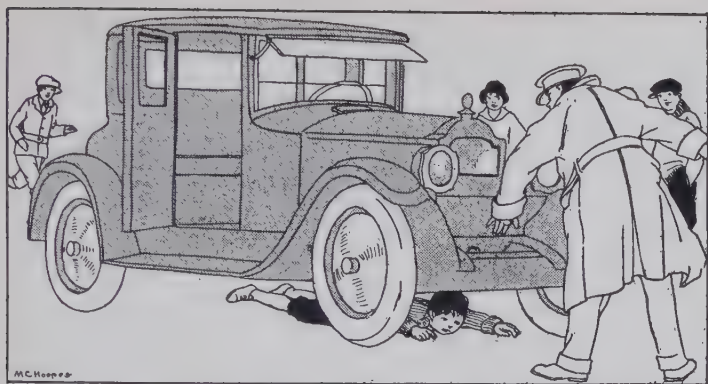
“Aw, they’re just kids,” Alec shrugged. “They don’t know how to take care of themselves.”

“Well, accidents can happen to other people,” Jimmie put in.

“Aw go on!” scorned Alec.

John looked at Alec admiringly. He’d like to show them all, especially Alec, that he wasn’t a fraidy cat. A truck caught his eye. It was just even with them and he made a leap for it. As it swung around the corner he waved derisively, but before he could regain his hold with both hands, a rear wheel struck a hole in the pavement and he was thrown sprawling in the street directly in front of an on-coming motor car. The brakes screamed and the car stopped with a jerk. The driver, thrown against the wheel, looked as if he were trying to crane his neck over the engine hood. The children stood rooted to the pavement, — there was no John in sight.

The cars behind threw on their brakes and hastily turned aside to avoid bumping those ahead. The driver of the first car climbed out and looked anxiously about. Then he stooped down and peered between the wheels. His eyes looked into two frightened childish ones set in a white face smeared with dirt and grease.



Perhaps it is fun to hook on to the end of a truck, but think what may happen when you drop off!

“Are yez hurt?” he demanded anxiously, mopping the perspiration from his forehead. Then as he saw the child unhurt, his relief was quickly followed by anger. “What are yez doin’ under there anyhow?” he roared. Grabbing the luckless John by the collar, he dragged him out and stood him forcibly on his feet.

“Aw, gee!” gasped Alec, running forward, followed by the other children. “Are you hurt?” he demanded breathlessly.

“Arrah! that child —” it was the chauffeur who spoke — “it’s tied to his mother’s apron strings he ought to be until he’d be after larnin’ sinse enough to behave himsilf dacinter. What chanct has a man wit the little hoodlums runnin’ out into the street, a-hitchin’ onto trucks? And it’s lucky I am that at this very minute I’m not bein’ arrested for man-slaughter, and yer mother a-weepin’ her eyes out over ye, and you all crushed flat! I’d loike to wallop ye

good, son, and perhaps it'd larn ye a lesson in safety to yerself, an' put a thought in your head fer others."

They all listened without a word. The brave and dauntless John was too wretched to resent what was said. He was busily engaged in gulping back his tears, while Alec looked uncomfortable and a bit shamefaced, for he realized that he had had a certain part in the trouble.

"Here, what's the matter?" called some one from a car behind, honking a horn. "What do you mean by blocking traffic this way?"

Hastily the children returned to the curb, John walking unsteadily. Still muttering, the chauffeur climbed into his car and started the engine.

"Guess one of those kids was nearly run over," said a man who was trying to see what had happened.

"Accident?" asked another who had just driven up, as he checked his car abruptly.

"No, only near-accident. A smarty kid, hitching on a truck."

"Well, I wish some one would teach youngsters to behave on the streets."

"All your life's worth to try to go about your business," commented a third man as the cars began to move forward again.

"Can you walk?" Alec asked of John as he stood in the center of a little group of children.

John nodded in reply, for he had nothing to say. He stood sniffing and nursing his elbow with one hand, at the same time wiping the blood from his chin with the back of the other. With coat ripped and dusty,

his lips white from fear, and nauseated from being thrown so violently on his poor little stomach, he stood a pathetic and forlorn little figure, the reckless pride of only a moment before completely shattered.

"Here's a clean handkerchief," proffered Mary Gay, and she started to brush off his dusty little jacket and put him neatly to rights.

"Use the inside to wipe the blood off your chin," Jimmie advised, with a true professional air, looking the veritable miniature of his father. "That part, you know, is sterile, or — or — better, anyway, you aren't so apt to have an infection. That's what my father says."

For once Alec had no scornful retort. "Come on, let's go," he said abruptly to John.

The other children left the street corner, scattering in various directions, but Mary Gay and Jimmie remained silently looking after John and Alec.

"You ought to have known better than that," said Alec crossly when they were out of hearing.

John made no reply. He didn't care about Alec's disapproval or anything else. He wanted to go home.



The frightened little puppy braced his feet and pulled back

CHAPTER FOUR

ENTER DIME

“**H**ERE, you, come on !” The man spoke gruffly as his grimy hand jerked at a ravelled rope, one end of which was tied around the neck of a frightened little puppy. There was fear and distrust in the little dog’s eyes. Half-crouching, he slunk along, a reluctant follower of the shabby man.

“Here, come on, you !” came the harsh voice again.

The puppy braced his awkward, overgrown feet and pulled back. The man turned and with the end of the rope attempted to strike the unwilling little creature. Just then Luck stepped in, — the frayed strands parted and the little puppy was free. He whirled about and, caring for nothing but escape from his captor, made a dash for freedom toward the street. The lull in traffic

was only momentary, and halfway across he found himself unexpectedly in the midst of twirling wheels, queer smells, and terrifying noises. Panic-stricken he turned his head about confusedly, his little legs trembling and his steps uncertain.

Then Luck came to the rescue again. He was suddenly lifted in strong young arms and held against a panting chest. He was carried at a breathless pace in and out among swift, moving objects, while harsh grinding sounds and shouts blended in one horrible blur of sound. For Alec had seen the frightened little puppy and had gone to his rescue. With every muscle tense, he dodged heavy trucks, horses, wagons, and pleasure cars, and regained the curb, warm and panting but hugging his burden close to his breast.

"Hi, there!" the raucous voice called. "Gimme that dog!" And as fast as his shambling footsteps would allow the supposed owner came to claim his property. The little dog quivered and stuck his head under Alec's arm.

"Where did you get this dog?" the boy asked defiantly, holding his new-found friend closer.

"None of your business," returned the man roughly, "I'll show ya," he made menacing gestures toward the puppy, "I'll learn ya better'n to —!"

Alec moved back a step, not knowing whether to run or to try to talk to the man.

"Well, ya might buy him." There was a crafty light in the man's eyes, and he brushed a dirty hand across his mouth.

"How much?" Alec blurted out eagerly.

"Oh, a couple a dollars," returned the man carelessly. Alec's face showed his bitter disappointment.

"Well — what ya got?" the man spoke impatiently.

Alec shifted his burden under his arm and searched his pocket. The first thing that came to view was a pocket knife.

"Gimme that. What else ya got?" The man held out his hand and Alec felt a twinge of regret as the dirty fingers curled over his beautiful shiny knife.

Shifting the dog again, Alec burrowed into another pocket. This time he brought forth four dull brown pennies, a nickel, and a new-minted dime. Greedily the man reached for the money.

"Ya can give me the rest when ya see me some time," he said, and without further comment hurried away.

"Say, what are you going to call him?" asked several children who had witnessed the transaction. Alec smoothed the soft ear of his new possession and looked vaguely at his questioners. Gratefully the puppy snuggled a cold nose against his neck, and Alec was glad that he had given away his cherished knife and the bright new dime with the design so clear and perfect. He stroked the soft ear again.

"I guess I'll call him Dime," he said.

Officer Ryan, came along, swinging his club, and joined the group. He smiled in a friendly fashion at the children.

"Dangerous business running into traffic like that," he said. "But I see you got him all right. Another time you both might be hurt, so you'd better train him to stay on the sidewalk with you."

"We'll look after ourselves," said Alec in a resentful voice. Then added hesitantly, "I just got him. Bought him," he amended with a touch of pride.

"Nice puppy," said Officer Ryan, stroking the silky head. The little animal, sensing a friendly creature, wagged his stumpy tail. Alec felt the movement under his elbow and decided that Officer Ryan might not be such a bad fellow after all.



Officer Ryan gave Alec some good advice about bringing up his dog

"You've got him young, so you can teach him to do almost anything you want — not just tricks — but to be a good dog. He'll soon learn to guard his master's property and if you teach him to stay off other people's property he won't be so liable to get poisoned."

The little circle crowded nearer, intent on Officer Ryan's words, and other children with eager curious eyes joined them.

"Jack West's dog was poisoned, they think," whispered one of the children, "but the vet came right away and got him well."

“He’s a smart looking puppy,” went on Officer Ryan, “and he’ll be full of life after he’s had a few good meals, so you’ll have to be on the job all the time. Don’t let him get the habit of running out after cars, and when you go on the street keep him with you.”

Now Alec ordinarily would not have listened to anything that might be called a lecture, but he felt proud of his new possession and he did not mind being the center of interest in the eyes of his schoolmates.

“I got him just in time,” he explained to a boy who came running up to see what the excitement was. “He was in the middle of the street, scared to death.”

“Now you know how I feel when I see children running into the street — when they get in the midst of traffic they get scared too — and they’re liable to lose their heads and do anything. Sometimes when the street is full of school children I wish I had six eyes and any number of arms and legs.”

At the picture of Officer Ryan with numerous eyes, arms, and legs the children giggled delightedly. The policeman grinned in return, then his face became serious again.

“Honestly,” he said, “at noon when the traffic is heavy and the children are all pouring out of the school I wish there were five of me — one on each corner and one for the middle of the street. Children, you know,” he said with another twinkle, “are worth almost as much as puppies.”

Jimmie had been edging toward the center of the group. He had been thinking hard, so hard that he had forgotten that his mother told him he must keep

his mouth closed, and there it was a tiny bit open. Further proof of his deep thought could be seen in a certain little pucker of his freckled nose and the lines between his blue gray eyes. He was evolving an idea, but he did not know just how to put it.

"You — you'd like four — four you's — one on each corner?" he inquired.

Officer Ryan nodded.

"You see," he explained, "I'd have two of the other me's hold the children back until the me in the middle would signal." He was beginning to enjoy the turn the conversation had taken and entered into the spirit of it. "Then the me's on the corner would let the children go until the me in the middle would give a stop signal — then the children could be held back until time to go on again." He patted the puppy's head and looked at the upturned faces about him, hoping that some of the suggestions might take root.

Jimmie, still in the grip of his idea, was struggling for adequate expression.

"I say — why not have somebody — you know, big boys — sort of school traffic cops," he said.

Officer Ryan saw the possibility of a workable idea. He looked quite seriously into the eager eyes that shone out of Jimmie's somewhat red and embarrassed face.

"Aw, go on," snorted a swaggering boy behind him. "None of the kids would pay attention to them school cops. Why — they'd —"

Officer Ryan turned keen eyes upon the dissenting youth, whose voice dropped into an unintelligible mutter as he squirmed uncomfortably under the direct gaze.

"Oh, yes, they would," quietly assured the officer, who strangely and suddenly had made them feel that he had ceased joking with them and had become the person of authority. "If the school cops were directed by an officer and selected by the school authorities, they'd be obeyed." He thought of the child Patrolman Hess had carried into the hospital only yesterday and the talk they had had with the Chief in the evening. "We'll have to see what we can do about it." He smiled on the children and his eyes lingered on Jimmie, standing just as tall as he could. "That boy's a lot like his father," he thought, but he said: "Guess we'd better move along or I'll have to give myself a summons for blocking traffic."

With little giggles the children separated into twos and threes and went their way, Alec stalking off alone with his puppy. A slowly moving truck rolled by him, but it was devoid of attraction. One glance, and he dismissed it as too risky — for the puppy!

Jimmie strolled home, his mind abuzz with the things he wanted to talk over with his father, but when he reached the drive he walked hastily, forgetting to kick small stones with his feet or to shy them at the trees. At the pear tree he stopped; its big sloping trunk was a vantage point from which he could give and receive signals. He climbed on it and gave a low, clear whistle. There was no response. Then the curtains of the front office window parted, and Miss West's white-capped head appeared and shook "No — no." That meant that his father couldn't be interrupted. Disconsolately Jimmie turned away. He knew his

mother had gone to a meeting. Well, he'd go over to Mary Gay's; she'd probably be home.

He found Mary Gay in the back yard, working in her strip of herb garden, and launched into the tale of Dime and the talk with Officer Ryan. Mary Gay listened eagerly to every word. Then she turned to him with:

"You're a big boy — you'll be a cop — if you're not this year you'll be next, and the year after I'll be one too!" As far as she was concerned it was all settled.

"A girl a cop —" Jimmie looked at her amazed.

"Why not?" flashed back Mary Gay. "Every progressive city has policewomen!" she announced, quoting from one of her mother's magazines. Jimmie had nothing to say to that. After all, it was only fair to give the girls a chance; and besides Mary Gay would make a good one, for she did have a way of making people do things.

That evening Doctor George happened to be in the station house when Officer Ryan came in to report.

"Had a little talk with your son today," Ryan said, his eyes twinkling. "Sort of a chip off the old block."

"What did he have to say?" asked Doctor George, smiling.

"He thinks we ought to have school safety cops to help the regular traffic officers keep the children out of danger when they're crossing the streets before and after school hours."

Lieutenant Gray put down his pen and carefully blotted the words he had just written. "What we need," he said, looking up from his big book, "is more care during play hours."

“But children have to play,” said Doctor George. “What we need is more playgrounds.”

“Well, I wish the children would stay on the ones we have,” returned Lieutenant Gray. “Drivers are on the lookout — or at least they ought to be — at school crossings during the hours the children are going to and from school. But at other times they’re thinking about their own affairs and aren’t expecting a child to dash out from behind a parked car or a slow-moving wagon, and no matter how busy a street is, that’s where the children play ball and roller skate in and out of danger, until it makes you dizzy to look at them.”

Doctor George remembered his son’s enthusiasm for traffic regulation and the work of the safety scouts.

“Jimmie is full of the idea since we visited the safety convention. It seems to me it’s time for our town to do something about teaching children why and how to protect themselves from the hazards of city life.” He paused and looked at the group of officers — trim, well-set-up men in neat blue uniforms. “The police and the school authorities,” he went on, “can do a great deal in such a movement, because they add importance and authority.”

“They surely need the strong arm of the law to keep them out from the truck wheels,” remarked Lieutenant Gray.

“Just the same, I for one would be glad to try out the school cops,” said Officer Ryan.

“I’ll see if we can’t have some of the quieter streets roped off for play,” added the Lieutenant. “The

Chief is anxious to reduce street accidents. Still, I have my doubts if the children will use them."

"There may be some lawless children," put in Doctor George, "but children on the whole will be reasonable if they understand the idea better. We have to teach them what safety really means and then I'm sure we'll find them enthusiastic coöperators." He turned to Officer Ryan. "I'm taking some pamphlets on safety work to Mr. Gordon of the Bryant School tomorrow, and I'll tell him that you could use some help at the school crossings. I'm sure he'll be delighted to assign four trustworthy boys to you for instruction."



Mary Gay could skin the cat five times without stopping

CHAPTER FIVE

MIND THE WIRES!

JIMMIE passed quickly around the house. He had a ball of twine in one hand and in the other a big blue kite. He was carrying the kite carefully, yet in spite of his care the long bright tail dragged after him. When he espied Mary Gay he stopped abruptly and with his feet apart and his head on one side observed her critically, as she skinned the cat on the trapeze that her father had put up for her.

"I did it five times without stopping," she said breathlessly, looking eagerly for his approval.

"Aw — that's nothing," returned Jimmie with pretended indifference.

Mary Gay's eyes flashed. She grasped the rod firmly, executed a nice turn and landed lightly on her

feet. Jimmie was conscious that she did it very well, but he did not want her to know it.

"*You* do it five times without stopping," she invited haughtily, "and see if you get a little out of breath."

"Oh, you do it all right for a girl," said Jimmie.

Mary Gay's wrath rose. It was a new thing for him to take this stuck up "you're only a girl" manner, and she wasn't going to submit to it without a murmur. Besides, it was beginning to spoil all their fun together.

"You went to the circus?" she asked abruptly.

"Of course; you know I did. We both went!" he answered.

"Do you remember the Queen of the Air — the world's greatest slack-wire performer?"

Jimmie nodded.

Mary Gay went on. "She had the spot light on her, and the music stopped because her act was so important."

Jimmie's brow wrinkled as he recalled the details.

"And the 'world's most daring and original air — aërial gymnast'" — she gulped over the words, but she knew they were right because they were the words in the program. "And they stopped all the other rings and music for her while she — she — defied gravity."

Yes, he remembered that perfectly.

"And the lady with the horses and the dogs and the birds — they had the center ring, too. Well, —" Mary Gay paused expectantly.

"Well," returned Jimmie vaguely.

"Well," Mary Gay was the picture of patient dignity, "weren't they girls before they were ladies?"

Jimmie nodded.

"And when they were little they probably could skin the cat better than some of the boys!"

Jimmie flushed.

"Why do you say that old 'good for a girl' to me? If it's good enough what difference does it make whether I'm a girl or a boy?"

She waited, but Jimmie had no answer. So she quickly changed the subject.

"That's a beautiful kite you have, Jimmie. Let's go out and fly it," she said.

"All right. Let's."

Jimmie was tying the string to the kite with a square knot, when Tom's head appeared over an adjoining fence.

"Ya-hoo!" he called shrilly, and catching their attention he held aloft his kite, a purple one.

"Come on!" called Jimmie, and Mary Gay ran to the fence to hold the kite while Tom climbed over.

"Beau-ti-ful," said Mary Gay, holding it so that the long tail of tufted paper trailed on the grass.

"See the frame. I made it. I made the tail, too, from some Christmas tissue paper I found in the attic."

"I helped," put in Marjory, climbing over the fence. "Where are you going to fly them?"

"The hill at the end of the street is good, don't you think so?" Jimmie was at last satisfied with his knot. "Always seem to get a good breeze there, and not many trees on one side."

"See, I've got something else too," and Tom drew a spool of covered wire from his pocket. "I'm going

to put it on my kite instead of string. It's radio wire. It's strong and it bends."

He moved the wire to show its flexibility. The others examined it inquiringly.

"Good idea," nodded Jimmie.

"Ten cents," said Tom.

"Say, you girls carry the tails so they won't drag."

So with the boys ahead carrying the kites and the girls behind, the little procession started up the street.

"I'm ready, I'll go first," said Jimmie. "Here, Mary Gay, hold the kite — high — like this — now — be sure to let go!"

Jimmie began to run downhill, letting out the string as he went. The kite caught, rose, and sailed higher and higher. They stood with upturned faces watching it sail, a graceful bit of color against the blue of the sky. Suddenly it caught in a current of air, lurched, and began to zigzag awkwardly about. Jimmie tried to control it by hauling in the string hand over hand, but before he could bring it to even flight it seemed to throw itself upon a telephone pole and then, as if in defiance to his effort, the tail twined around the wires. Jimmie pulled. He could feel the string give, but the kite remained unmoved. He used more force, and this time the twine parted and came tumbling down, except for a short length that swayed in the breeze far beyond his reach. Ruefully they stood regarding it.

"If I could only reach those things," mourned Jimmie, pointing to the iron pins that made steps up the pole, "I could climb it. But there isn't a fence or anything," he sighed.

"Maybe we all could boost you," suggested Tom. So intent were they that they did not hear the lineman coming along, clinkity clinkity, with a tool case at one side and a coil of wire at the other.

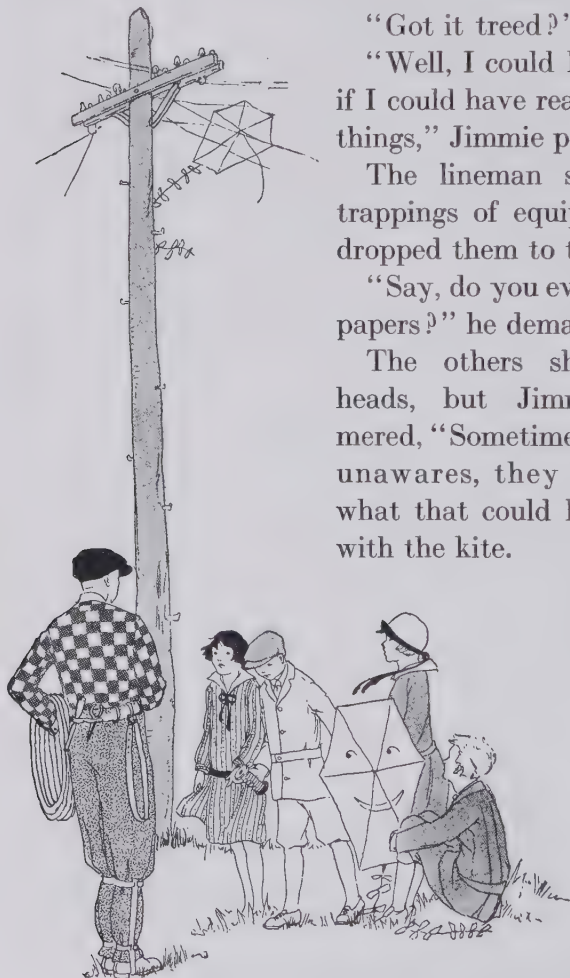
"Got it treed?" he asked.

"Well, I could have got it if I could have reached those things," Jimmie pointed.

The lineman shifted his trappings of equipment and dropped them to the ground.

"Say, do you ever read the papers?" he demanded.

The others shook their heads, but Jimmie stammered, "Sometimes." Taken unawares, they wondered what that could have to do with the kite.



The friendly lineman offered to bring down the kite

"Didn't see," the lineman went on, "what happened to the kid that climbed a pole to get his kite, over in Westville?"

The children shook their heads, not quite sure what he might say or do next.

"Well, that kid touched a live wire when he reached for his kite, and it threw him down. When they took him to the hospital they found his little finger burned off, his skull fractured, and other injuries. Don't know," the lineman hesitated and looked away, "don't know whether he'll ever get well." He turned back and looked into the children's horrified faces. "Never climb a pole. You've no business there anyway." Relenting a little he added, "I'll get your kite for you." Then he noticed the spool of radio wire in Tom's hand. "What have you got there?" he demanded. "What are you going to use it for?"

"Why — why — for a kite string," murmured Tom apologetically.

"Son," said the lineman solemnly, "you see what that is — copper wire."

Tom nodded.

"Now suppose your kite was flying along and this copper wire touched a live wire overhead. What do you think would happen?"

Tom shook his head, for he had no idea.

"Well, plenty would happen, and you'd be mighty lucky if it wasn't something pretty serious!"

Tom wound up the wire hastily and thrust it into his pocket as if he wished to get it out of sight.

The lineman began adjusting his belt and spikes.

“You can’t monkey around electricity careless-like,” he said. “You have to know what you’re doing — and then it sometimes takes you by surprise. I could tell you a lot of things, but it isn’t good for children to hear too many things, but if you’ll remember this — respect wires above or fallen wires too much to touch them. And keep away from the poles after a rain!”

“Please,” Mary Gay hesitated, her embarrassment struggling with a desire to learn, “please, why should we keep away from wet poles?”

The others, wondering that very thing, turned expectantly toward the lineman. Pleased with their interest, he eased his heavy tool bag and was glad to explain.

“Well, you see you never ought to touch the guy wires — you know, the wires that anchor the poles to the ground — or the ground wires — the ones that run down the poles. After a storm or rain you mustn’t even touch the poles while they are wet. You see, wet things are better conductors than dry ones.” He paused impressively and the children nodded gravely. “The poles and wires may be receiving leakage current from the live wires overhead although there isn’t any sparking to show it. Keep out of trees, too, if electric wires pass on or near them.”

The lineman looked up at the kite; then he decided that he might as well complete the lesson. “What’d you do if you saw a fallen wire?” he asked abruptly.

“Why — why — why —” Tom stammered.

“Run. I would run.” Marjory spoke positively.

“I’d probably want to watch it,” confessed Mary Gay. “But I wouldn’t touch it,” she added hastily.

"Tell the company?" Jimmie suggested.

"That's it," answered the lineman. "Send some one to telephone to the company while you stay and watch the wire to keep people from stumbling on it. But be sure not to stand too near! People who *know* about electricity respect fallen wires unless they know that the power has been shut off. Well, maybe if you watch out when you fly your kites you'll grow up to be linemen some day."

They watched him as he put on his gloves and then went up the pole, driving his spikes into the wood. They watched, a little breathless and afraid, as he went on with his work; but presently the kite floated gently down into their waiting hands and the lineman descended with a sort of clinkity thud, clankety thud, and stood once more safely beside them.

"We're mighty obliged," said Jimmie politely, and the others nodded.

"You just remember what I told you," answered the lineman. His tool box clinked into place and he slipped the coiled wire over his head and smiled at them. "Believe you will remember," he said and as they answered, nodding to assure him, he called, "So long!" and went off. They looked after him until the clinkety clankety was so faint they couldn't hear it.

"Guess we might as well go home," said Jimmie. "This string isn't any good."

"Well, I don't see why we can't use this wire if we keep away from other wires," Tom remarked.

"That's silly, Tom," reproved his sister Marjory. "Get something else."

"I've an idea," Mary Gay exclaimed excitedly.
"Fishing line!"

The others nodded.

"Let's get father's." She hesitated, her face clouding. "He's very particular about it — but we could just borrow it," she added, her face brightening, "and return it just as we got it."

Under the inspiration of Mary Gay's idea they turned towards home. But they had not gone far when they came across Alec and John working at a kite.

"Something's the matter with the tail," said John glumly.

"Too long?" asked Tom.

"Maybe it's too short," said Alec. "Anyway it's out of balance," and he bent over his task.

John, restless from inaction, picked up a stout piece of twine, and making a slip knot threw it over weeds for practice. Dime, too, became tired of watching and decided that he'd do something on his own account. His interest centered on a grasshopper, which he pursued with little jumps and barks.

Quite thoughtlessly John threw the twine around Dime's neck and Dime jumped, tightening the knot. Alec heard the unusual sound, and saw what had happened. Catching Dime he unloosed the knot. He held the quivering puppy in his arms.

"You — you!" he panted. "You'd strangle my dog!"

"I didn't mean to," muttered John, looking very crestfallen.

"You haven't any sense," growled Alec, and he took

a step toward John's kite, which leaned against the curb, but before he could stamp on it Mary Gay caught it up.

"He said he was sorry," she flashed. "You needn't be so mean about it."

"Well, he almost strangled my dog," Alec muttered. "Poor Dime, poor doggie!" He stroked the head that nestled against his neck.

"Don't you know how to make a square knot?" Jimmie asked John, and picking up the end of his string he began to show him how to do it.

"Any crazy old billygoat would know better than to tie that kind of a knot — around a dog's neck," fumed Alec.

"Oh, shoot," scolded Marjory, "we can't have any fun if things keep going wrong all the time and everybody's cross!"

When Mrs. Bruce stopped her car by the curb, embarrassed faces turned toward her. If she had seen the disturbance there was nothing in her manner to indicate it. She smiled at them pleasantly.

"I was just wondering," she said, "how you'd all like to drive out to Green Acres and fly your kites from the hill. I think that would be a fine place."

Instantly the clouds lifted from the faces looking up at her.

"I thought maybe we could take some potatoes and roast them while you're flying your kites — that is, if your mothers are willing, of course. Will you run home and find out?"

Would they? They scampered off home to get the necessary permission.

"I'll bring a potato and an egg," Tom shouted back over his shoulder.

"Bring some for me too," called Marjory, climbing into the car beside Mrs. Bruce, who turned into the drive. She knew that there were fresh baked cookies in a certain jar in the pantry and that it wouldn't take a minute to pack a good share of them in a box.

Mary Gay, bursting gaily into the living room, stopped abashed when she saw that her mother had a caller. She greeted Mrs. Jarrett pleasantly and waited as quietly as she could until she was allowed to speak. Little Amy Louise, who sat on the floor, busy with her doll while her mother talked with Mrs. Gay, looked up.

"Oh, please," Mary Gay was trying to tell the whole story at once, "please, mother, may I go?"

"If Aunt Alida is willing," answered her mother smiling. "How many will there be?"

Mary Gay counted rapidly on her fingers. "Seven, I think."

"Tompkins just brought some nice fresh corn this afternoon. You might take some to roast."

"I want to go too," begged Amy Louise.

"Hush, dear," her mother answered. "You're too little."

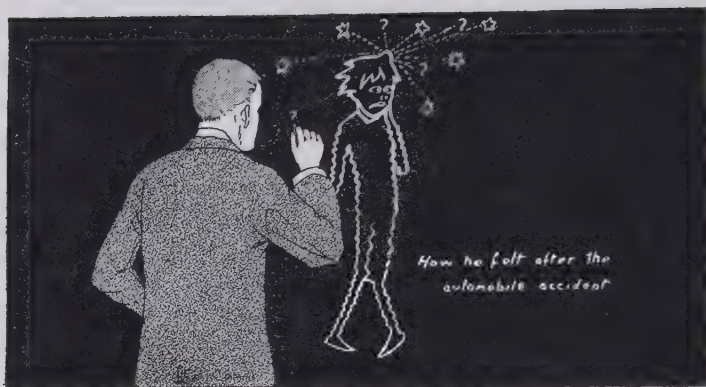
Mary Gay couldn't help looking a little impatient and annoyed for a moment, until she had time for that second thought that might just as well have come first.

"Let her come," she said. "We'll all take good care of her."

"She'd be perfectly safe," Mrs. Gay added, "if you'd not mind."

So it was decided that Amy Louise was to go, too. Jimmie, growing impatient, came dashing in to hurry Mary Gay. He found her on the back porch counting ears of corn and he helped her to pack them in a basket.

It was just fifteen minutes after they had decided to drive to Green Acres that they began to load up the car. The eggs were put into a bucket full of sawdust so they wouldn't be broken. Only they did not notice Amy Louise's until it broke and ran through her fingers because she had squeezed it so tightly. But they wiped the egg off her dress and the car and merrily took their places. Marjory and Mary Gay rode in front, taking turns holding Amy Louise, while the boys climbed into the tonneau. Not the least happy was Dime, held tightly in his master's arms. He couldn't fly a kite and probably wouldn't care for roast corn or potato, but he wagged his tail and barked because there was happiness all around him.



Everybody enjoyed Dr. George's blackboard pictures

CHAPTER SIX

SAFETY WEEK

AT nine o'clock on Monday mornings the children met in the assembly room. On this particular morning they were surprised and delighted when they found that Doctor George was to speak to them. He was a favorite with the children, for there was usually a twinkle in his keen gray eyes and he nearly always had something jolly to say to them. A murmur of delight was distinctly heard when after a "Good morning" to the school, he stepped toward the blackboard. Doctor George's pictures had been a source of joy to many a sick child, and the fame of them had spread throughout the town.

He began with a few strokes which he deftly turned into a cartoon of a careless roller skater and an automo-

bile. Then, at a brisk rub of the eraser, the boy vanished, to reappear as he was being scolded by the anxious chauffeur. What amused the children most was the large picture that followed, which showed just how the boy felt afterward, even to the big bump on his head, from which funny little stars and question marks were radiating. Of course every one laughed except John, who grinned ruefully, for he distinctly remembered his own violent contact with the street not so long before.

Then Doctor George brought serious looks to the children's laughing faces by telling them a few facts about accidents. He made them feel that it was foolish and stupid to risk many good times for a moment of bravado. They began to see that to play games and go about safely required knowledge and a quick wit. He made them feel that safety was an interesting subject that offered possibilities for future study.

When Doctor George finished speaking the children clapped loudly. Then Mr. Gordon came forward, and in a second the room was perfectly still.

"This is the beginning of a week that is going to be different from any other week we have ever had in the Bryant School, and you are going to learn a number of new things that will surprise you. You will have your regular studies as usual, but with each one you will learn something about safety. In English classes we shall write safety stories and plays, while the children in the language classes will write compositions and sentences with safety words. The civics class will discuss the city's efforts to safeguard us. History

classes will devote time to some of the changes that have been brought about and certain hazards that have developed within the last hundred years. They will discuss some of the ways in which we can protect ourselves. In arithmetic, many of our problems will be based on state reports as to loss of life through accidents and losses due to fire. In the upper classes we shall also figure out losses of income due to injuries that incapacitate, temporarily or permanently. We shall learn some new safety songs in our music classes, and our art classes will be given over to safety posters. The five best of the posters from each room will be exhibited in the corridor. On Friday we shall have a special safety assembly."

There was a subdued murmur of discussion as the children filed out of the auditorium and passed to their rooms. They were agog with the plan, and of course each room hoped to surpass the others.

"It's no fair," said Tom at recess. "The big boys and girls can make better posters than we can."

"Well, that doesn't make any difference," Jimmie argued. "It's the ideas that count, and I don't see why we can't have ideas as well as they."

Then followed busy days. The art teacher had her hands full. She went from room to room and never had she seen such eager classes. As for the work, never had it been more carefully done.

In the kindergarten a group of the tiny tots gathered around a long sand table that had been carefully divided into city blocks. A broad, smooth avenue ran down the center, and the intersecting streets were clearly

marked. John Henry and Joseph were cleaning the streets, — giant White Wings they must have seemed to the clothes-pin dolls. Miss Allison stooped over them, a little trolley car for the avenue in one hand, and a tiny horse and cart for one of the streets in the other. Little Marie began tugging at her dress, and Miss Allison put down the toys to look at the little Stop-and-Start signal tightly held in the chubby pink fist.

“It’s really very nicely done, Marie,” Miss Allison answered the questioning blue eyes, turning the bit of work in her hand. “You’ve —” but she went no further, for Joseph’s voice shrill with anger interrupted.

“I’ll put it — let me — give me —”

“No — no — no —” John Henry’s voice came in a shrill crescendo of sound as he clutched the trolley to his little heaving breast.

“Children!” Miss Allison sought to quiet their anger, but Joseph with a quick motion grabbed a handful of sand and threw it into John Henry’s face. There was a hushed silence from the other members of the group, — but not from John Henry! As for Joseph,



Joseph had still to learn the first safety lesson — self-control

he stood sullen and defiant, grains of sand still clinging to his damp little palm.

Miss Allison brushed the sand from John Henry's face, making sure none had gone into his eyes; then, gathering the whole group around her, she asked quietly, "What are we studying this week?"

"Thafety week," chimed Marie.

Miss Allison nodded.

"We're making a beautiful street where all the people get off the trolley car correctly, follow the signals of the traffic officer, keep fire hydrant spaces free —" she paused impressively.

"And walk to the right," put in Lucy.

Miss Allison nodded. "We keep all those rules, carefully, and yet we've had an accident, because of anger."

Joseph hung his head.

"What do you think we ought to do about it?" She looked around the circle of serious faces.

"Thafety firht." Marie's wide intent eyes scanned Miss Allison's face.

"'Safety first' means being thoughtful all the time. It means self-control," the teacher paused perplexed, groping for the right words. "It's learning to make yourself mind," and thereupon the kindergarten had a telling lesson in self-control as a factor in safety.

Jimmie had worked out the idea for his poster, but he was struggling with the wording. He had chosen the silent policeman for his motive and had drawn a large one in black and white on the center of the sheet, placing it at such an angle that both its flashing signals of red and green could be seen.

Mary Gay came upon him, pencil in hand and a much marked sheet of paper before him.

“I just can’t say it in two or three words.” Jimmie ruffled his hair in perplexity. “I want to say that if you know the traffic rules the silent policeman — well — talks out loud. Oh, you know —” he added helplessly. “I want it,” he made some marks on the paper, “to look like this — about five words.”

They had a busy few minutes, trying words and discarding them. Then came an idea.

“Here,” Jimmie wrote hastily, “do you think this will do?”

THE SILENT
POLICEMAN SPEAKS CLEARLY
TO ALL PASSERSBY

He looked at Mary Gay, who studied it intently. “Would it be better to say, ‘Who pass — or notice?’”

Mary Gay shook her head, “Why not just say, ‘The Silent Policeman speaks clearly?’”

“Oh, I have it!” There was a joyful note in Jimmie’s voice. “Look —”

LET THE
SILENT POLICEMAN
SPEAK TO YOU

“Yes,” Mary Gay agreed, “that’s just right.”

Other children had been working hard, too, and by the middle of the week all the posters were ready for selecting the five best in each room. On Wednesday, after school, two children in each classroom helped the teacher to hang the posters made by their class on the wall opposite the windows, so that the whole class might see them at once and might choose the best five to be hung in the main corridor. On Thursday morning the voting took place. There was great excitement in each room when the counts were made. Even the children in the first grade had a voice in selecting the best that they themselves had made.

Mr. Gordon assigned a trusted sixth-grade boy to go from room to room to collect the chosen posters for the big corridor exhibit. In each classroom a little thrill of excitement was felt as the five precious posters were put into his hand and added to the pile from the rooms he had already visited.

In his office Mr. Gordon went over them all with considerable pride. He felt that his children could certainly compete with any in the city — well, for that matter, with any in the country, probably. There were posters showing safe play, telling big boys and girls to help little ones, or emphasizing the rules of the road. Some were like flower gardens in a variety of color; others in orange and black, or blue and red, told their story in a bold and vigorous fashion. Some were humorous, others serious; but all of them taught the lessons of safety so directly and simply that it was impossible to miss the point.

“The children are certainly on the road to becoming fine safety teachers. Now if they will only practice as well as they have begun with their teaching, the school will have a record to be envied by all the others,” he mused.

Piling up the posters carefully, he carried them himself to Miss Cameron and her corps of eager assistants, who were waiting to begin the arrangement of the corridor exhibit.

It had been agreed that the end of the corridor leading to the large doorway of the assembly room was the best place for hanging the posters. Between the double doors a silk flag, presented to the school by the American Legion Post, swayed gently on its strong straight pole, supported by its firm stand. The soft light of the stained glass windows shone into the hallway when the doors were swung open, casting a mellow glow over the boys and girls busy with the colorful posters.

New gold wire had been fastened along the wall at the right height for the average child, so that all might see reasonably well. The work of arranging and hanging was done by three or four of the older boys and girls, while five of the younger ones busily attached the little hooks or waited restlessly to be asked to hand some special poster to a big boy or girl.

At last all was in readiness. A bright little shaft of sunshine stole through a crack where the transom over a door was not quite closed and played across the bed of a poor little girl who had had to go to the hospital because a little playmate had been too rough in their game. The little playmate was standing sorrowfully

alongside, looking wretched and unhappy. The words below gradually became bright as the sunlight reached them too: *Rough play may not hurt you, but it may hurt a friend.*

The hanging committee viewed their work with pleasure and turned to their director for approval.

“Your work is well done,” said Miss Cameron; “you are going to be a great help to me when we are preparing for the graduation exhibit. I was glad to see that Jimmie was careful when he placed the ladder for Jack to straighten the pictures hanging on the wall above the posters. And William was on the lookout for rusty nails in the toolbox. In fact, each one of you has shown a sense of responsibility for himself and others which makes me feel that I can trust you to work alone or to direct the work of the younger children. I am very much pleased.”

And so were their schoolmates when they all were given a special short period to look at the exhibit. At the close of the extra period they marched into the assembly room, for this was the final day of Safety Week, and an entertainment had been prepared to emphasize the lessons learned. It was exciting to be giving an entertainment when it wasn't Thanksgiving or Christmas or Washington's Birthday or Arbor Day, — so much so that one or two of the children forgot themselves and whispered to their neighbors. Little Amy Louise, who had only started in kindergarten in September, went hopping to her place, clapping her pudgy dimpled hands as she blew a tiny soft kiss to Doctor George, just arriving with Mr. Seward of the

School Board. But whatever whispering there may have been, the children were all as still as mice when Mr. Gordon with a word of greeting announced the program.

First came some children from the kindergarten, with Joseph in the lead. When they reached the center of the platform Joseph stepped to one side and said, "I am a truck."

Some of the older boys and girls giggled, but a look from Mr. Gordon silenced them.

Then Jenny stepped forward and said, "I am a trolley car."

George, the tallest of the group said, "I am a policeman."

Amy Louise made a funny little bow and said, "I am a lady walking down the street."

Alice, so frightened she could scarcely speak above a whisper, said, "I am an automobile."

A group of children, taking hold of hands, said, "We are children from school."

Then George blew a whistle and the make-believe traffic began to move. He blew again, holding up his hand, and traffic stopped so that the school children might cross the street safely.

Then the children all bowed and walked off the stage amid much applause from the rest of the school.

The next number on the program was a little play. Wilton Ames, one of the big boys, dressed up like a policeman, walked on the platform twirling his club. Little Amy Louise entered and, after looking anxiously

about, stood at one side of the stage and began to cry as if she were frightened.

The policeman walked up to her and asked, "Little girl, are you lost?"

"Yes, Mr. P'liceman," piped Amy Louise. "I tan't find my home."

"What is your name?" asked Wilton, taking out a notebook, just as a policeman would do.

"My name's Amy Louise."

"Amy Louise what?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. "Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!" — pretending to cry. "I want my muvver!"

"Where do you live?" the policeman questioned her. But Amy Louise only wailed, "I want my muvver!"

The policeman looked perplexed. "I wish mothers would sew the names and addresses of children on their clothing," he said.

He looked severely at Amy Louise, who wiped her eyes and said,

"I want to go home!"

The policeman heaved a heavy sigh. "Well, since you don't know your last name or house number, I guess I'll have to take you to the station house."

"I want my — my — muvver!" wailed Amy Louise, enjoying the part, while the policeman patted her on the head very stiffly.

"Well, she'll come for you there," he reassured her.

But Amy Louise continued to wail, "Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"

Then Jimmie came on the stage whistling, but stopped as he saw the policeman and the child.

"What's the matter, sir?" asked Jimmie very courteously.

"This child is lost," the policeman answered, while Amy Louise, crying make-believe tears, kept her face buried in her handkerchief.

"I know where she lives — her house is on the street beyond mine," said Jimmie.

"I see you're a safety scout." The officer spoke in a very big and pompous voice. "Since you know the lost child, will you see that she reaches home safely?"

"Yes, sir!" returned Jimmie.

Then turning to Amy Louise the policeman added, "Ask your father and mother to teach you your full name, your house number, your telephone number, and your father's full name. If parents would do this we could take much better care of lost children."

Taking Amy Louise by the hand, Jimmie led her off the stage, and the policeman stalked off at the other side, twirling his stick in great circles.

A storm of applause greeted this playlet, and the children went back on the stage to make their bows. Amy Louise, standing between the two boys and holding to Jimmie's hand, made a little bow; then because every one was clapping she clapped her hands too, skipping gaily off the stage.

Elmer West, a big boy, his hair shining and his clothes very neat, came on the stage and read a brief essay on electricity. He told of its many uses and warned about some of the dangers.

Four children from the fifth grade marched on the platform, each carrying a very large shield.

“This shield is worn by the policemen of our city,” said the first boy clearly, stepping forward and holding high the golden emblem. “They guard us against accidents in the street, they help us to protect our homes. They keep the city safe for us to live in. It is only fair that each one of us should carry on the idea of safety by thinking and acting in coöperation with them, in order that we may have safety for ourselves and for others.”

He then stepped back and the next in line raised his shield of silver. “The fireman wears this shield. He is ready at any time of the day or night to answer our call. He will risk his life to save us from burning buildings. We owe it to ourselves and others to know and practice measures against fire, such as these :

Keep fire escapes in our buildings free.

Know the nearest fire-alarm box to our homes.

Know how to turn on the fire alarm, should it be necessary to do it.

Know how to report a fire by telephone.

Know how to put a fire out by the use of a blanket, wet rug, or extinguisher.

Know how to build a fire without the use of gasoline or kerosene.

Take the proper care of matches and be careful in the use of candles, lamps, and gas fixtures.”

The third boy then held his shield aloft and said, “This is the shield of the Department of Health. The

doctors and sanitary inspectors of this department guard the health of the people by preventing disease and by inspecting food, milk, and water for our protection. This inspection and the proper disposal of waste make our city healthful and safe for us to live in."

The fourth boy said, "This shield represents the Street Cleaning Department. This department works to keep the city streets free from fruit peelings, glass, and other objects which might endanger pedestrians. By making the city cleaner they make it more comfortable for all. It is the duty of every one to keep the streets free from refuse, papers, and other things that make the city unsafe, insanitary, and unattractive."

Then followed the safety song, in which all joined, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

When Yankee Doodle came to town,
Through lane and street and byway,
He looked around and up and down,
Before he crossed the highway.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle had some pep,
Dressed up spick and spandy.
Oh, be careful, watch your step
Like Yankee Doodle Dandy!

He learned to watch the traffic line,
Made "SAFETY FIRST" his motto;
And when the p'liceman gave the sign,
Then straight across he'd trot-O!¹

¹ By M. Josephine Moroney, from *Songs for Assemblies*, by the Pawtucket Teachers' Safety Council — Elementary Grades.

During the safety song, Mr. Seward had been listening to Doctor George, who was evidently speaking very earnestly. Mr. Seward seemed much impressed, and when Mr. Gordon joined them the three continued to keep up the conversation.

When the song was finished, Mr. Gordon addressed the school.

"We are glad to have Mr. Seward with us today. As a member of the School Board he has always taken a warm interest in everything we do, here at the Bryant School. But Mr. Seward is also Chairman of the Safety Council of the Chamber of Commerce, and he is giving a great deal of time to safety work. Mr. Seward will speak to you for a few minutes."

Hearty applause followed this announcement, as Mr. Seward stepped to the platform.

Mr. Seward cleared his throat.

"Boys and girls, your interest and enthusiasm have been transferred to me. You have demonstrated safety so well this week that it seems to me it would be worth while to keep on —" applause interrupted him, and Doctor George's face beamed as he exchanged nods with Mr. Gordon. "Let the ideas you have put into your excellent posters become part of your daily life and you will be happier, and so will others. I thank you."

As Mr. Seward retired, Mr. Gordon came forward.

"How many of you would like to start a campaign for accident prevention?"

Up went the hand of every child except Alec, who stared ahead defiantly, and John, whose face was red

and uncomfortable looking. So enthusiastic were the children that many of them put up both hands.

“One hand is enough,” Mr. Gordon remarked, with a smile. “It is a vote. We will all work from now on to have a no-accident report to give Mr. Seward and Doctor Bruce next June.”

Then to the rhythm of a spirited march, the children passed out of the room, glowing with the pleasure of successful achievement.

That night many parents were told just what they ought to do about the little runabouts in the family, who might lose their way, and about safety in general. In more than one instance there was secret surprise on the part of parents that some simple and important precautions had not occurred to them before.



The Bryant School Traffic Patrol

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE BRYANT SCHOOL ORGANIZES FOR SAFETY

WITH clear voices the children pledged their allegiance to the flag. They gave the salute and seated themselves quietly at Mr. Gordon's signal. This was just the ordinary Monday assembly and yet, so soon after the special safety meeting, almost every one had the feeling that it would not be merely an ordinary assembly. There was a feeling of anticipation in the air. Mr. Gordon looked carefully at some papers in his hand; then he spoke slowly—and seriously.

“Last Friday at our special safety assembly you signified that you would like to continue the work in safety education. I trust that you have not changed your minds?” He looked at the attentive faces of the

children and smiled as a little murmur of agreement swept over his audience. "With the help of Doctor Bruce, Mr. Seward, and others, I am able to make an announcement that will be pleasing to most of the pupils of the school and helpful to all." He paused again and they could hardly wait for him to go on, for they knew that he had some sort of pleasant surprise. "We have made out a plan of organization for the Bryant School Safety Council." A flutter of satisfaction passed over the room. "I am giving all the teachers copies of the constitution and by-laws, and they will discuss them with you in detail later. There are, however, several things that I should like to mention here." He glanced again at the papers in his hand.

"The first, second, and third grades will have a junior organization of their own. All the other pupils of the school are eligible to Safety Council membership. There will be two classes of members: active and star. An active member may at any time become a star member by meeting the qualifications. In other words, star membership will have to be won. Ordinarily the officers of the council will be elected from the star membership, but as we are just beginning I shall appoint the officers for this time. They will be President and Secretary of the Safety Council, Captain of Patrol for inside and outside traffic, and Judge, Clerk, and District Attorney for the court. Each class will elect a class captain and a safety commissioner, who will take up matters bearing on safety with the officers of the council and the court."

It all sounded very impressive, and while the boys

and girls were almost bursting to talk about it with their friends or neighbors, they all kept perfectly still.

“The Safety Council of the Chamber of Commerce,” went on Mr. Gordon, “has offered to provide all the active members with membership buttons on which will be the letters ‘B.S.S.C.’ The button will be given out one month after the boy or girl has signed up for membership. In case of gross neglect or misdemeanor these buttons may be forfeited, such forfeiture to depend upon the decision of the court and council. In any case the member will be entitled to a fair hearing.” A sound suggesting a sigh of relief could be faintly heard. “I am going to ask Jerry Jenkins to read to you what our Safety Council believes Safety Education stands for and the pledge for members, both of which all candidates for membership must understand and memorize. The pledge they must give publicly when they receive their membership buttons.”

Mr. Gordon sat down and Jerry Jenkins came forward. He stood very straight and read in a loud clear voice :

“Safety Education teaches us to appreciate and care for Life. It teaches us the values and the dangers of the things about us. As we learn to protect ourselves, we learn also to care for others — even if it calls for us to take a grave risk.

Because I believe in Safety Education and the work of the Safety Council of my school I will endeavor to the best of my ability to keep this pledge :

- I will think rather than be thoughtless.
- I will avoid danger, not just escape it.
- I will safeguard younger children that they may not suffer harm directly or indirectly through me.
- I will value and protect my body, my home, my school, and my city."

When Jerry finished reading the children with one accord began to clap. Mr. Gordon looked pleased and Jerry looked startled. One can't help feeling somewhat scared when one is reading to the whole school — besides, he had not expected them to clap just like that!

Mr. Gordon then called Elmer West and asked him to read the qualifications and code for star membership. At first Elmer's voice was rather low and Mr. Gordon, noticing the children straining forward to hear, asked him to speak louder; so Elmer raised his voice and read:

"Star membership shall be open to any active member who shall give adequate proof that he or she has qualified as follows:

- (1) Has faithfully tried to keep the pledge.
- (2) Has observed the Safety Code for one month.
- (3) Has reported at least two unsafe conditions in the school district.
- (4) Has corrected at least four dangerous situations. These may be at home, on the street, or at school."

Elmer then read the Safety Code, which was afterward placed on the bulletin board where all the children might read and ponder it.

BRYANT SCHOOL SAFETY COUNCIL

SAFETY CODE FOR STAR MEMBERSHIP ¹

(1) I will keep to the right and look where I am going at all times.

(2) I will look out for the younger children and see that they have a fair chance on the playground.

(3) I will be considerate of others and will keep from deliberately or thoughtlessly doing things that may hurt them.

(4) I will learn and obey the traffic signals and rules of the road.

(5) I will play in schoolyards, playgrounds, or quiet streets, avoiding crowded thoroughfares and streets where street cars run.

(6) I will not steal rides or hitch on to any vehicle on a city street.

(7) I will board and leave a street car or train in the right way, waiting until the car has stopped and watching for other vehicles upon alighting.

(8) I will hold my umbrella well above my head on a rainy day so that I shall not injure others or run the risk of being run over myself.

(9) I will keep away from railroad tracks, yards, and trestles.

(10) I will guard fallen wires, never touching them myself or allowing others to touch them.

(11) I will use matches only when necessary and then will see that they are entirely out.

(12) I will try to do one good turn for safety every day.

¹From a suggested plan for a Junior Safety Council, *Introduction to Safety Education*, published by the Education Division of the National Safety Council.

When Elmer had finished reading the code, some of the children looked as if they did not understand just what they would have to do or feared that they might not be able to do it. But not Mary Gay or Jimmie! They were looking eagerly ahead as if they could hardly wait for the Safety Council to start.

“You will be glad to hear that the Rotary Club believes in safety education, too, and has offered to present the star members with their silver stars.” Silver stars! Oh, how hard they were going to try to get the silver stars! “The special merit badge will be a gold star and will be given only in cases where true heroism has been displayed.”

One could almost hear a gasp at that. True heroism! Would any of them ever have a chance to get the gold star?

“The Kiwanis Club,” went on Mr. Gordon, “also is glad to encourage safety education and will award the gold star. In addition they will furnish armbands for the patrol.”

“Of course,” whispered some one spitefully, “they don’t expect any of us to get a gold star!”

“And now, boys and girls, I want you to think the matter over very carefully before you sign up for membership, and to talk the rules over with your teachers. As soon as a room has ten candidates for membership they may report and the class may elect a captain and safety commissioner. But before any of you join, I want you to be sure that you understand the duties and authority of the council, and the court, also the patrol which will regulate traffic in the school, on the stairs,

around the drinking fountains and similar places, as well as under the direction of Officer Ryan on the street. Your teacher will be glad to answer any question that you may wish to ask. I hope that we may begin the Bryant School Safety Council with a large membership and that later we may have many star members."

After singing "America," the eager boys and girls returned to their classrooms for the discussion of this fascinating plan.

There were some, however, who were not eager. A few, like Alec, felt defiant or, like John, were a bit shamefaced and did not know just whom to follow. But on the whole the boys and girls were quite ready to try out a plan to prevent accidents.

The children in the first three grades went to work at once and formed an organization. They called themselves "Little Lookouts." Of course they did not have to take so serious a pledge as the older children, nor were they held responsible as the older boys and girls were in the court and council.

Among the older children there was much discussion.

"I won't promise anything of the sort," Alec announced disdainfully. "I'll decide for myself what I want to do. I guess it's all right for fraidy cats and babies."

"I am deciding for myself, too," returned Jimmie, unmoved by his scorn. "I'm deciding that I'm not afraid of being laughed at by you — and that I will take the pledge because I believe it is smarter to keep out of trouble than just miss it or get into it and bother my family."

Alec had not thought of bothering the family before and his face showed his doubt, so Jimmie followed his advantage and went on.

“My father says that when the men get hurt in the mill it is their wives and children that have a hard time — and worry and — everything. So I suppose when the children get hurt it’s their mothers that have to take care of them and their fathers that have to pay and —”

But Alec, having no answer, was stalking off disgustedly. Jimmie turned to John.

“Going to join?” he asked.

John looked shamefaced, then uncertain, so Jimmie looked away, although he went on speaking.

“I am going to begin working for my qualification for star membership. Perhaps there won’t be much about the house to correct, because father’s so much interested in safety and so careful about fire. But I’ll be on the lookout for dangerous things.”

“There,” thought John, who lived in an apartment house, “I could see about our fire escape!” He said out loud, “Yes, I guess I’ll join.”

“So will I,” said Tom, coming up. “I’m going to try for the star too.”

“But we can’t do that until we’ve kept the star code for a month. I’m going to take the pledge the first meeting,” Jimmie said.

“Sure,” nodded Tom, “and you can begin keeping the code right then.”

John remembered that the code said something about not hitching on trucks — no, vehicle was the word; he

knew that was not a safe thing to do — he'd be just as glad to keep that rule. What if some of the kids did laugh and call him a fraidy cat? They might feel differently if they'd had his experience. He remembered how his mother looked when she heard about it, and every time he thought of what his father had said he felt uncomfortable. He'd been meaning to try it again just to show that he wasn't afraid — but he hadn't done it because — because — he squirmed inwardly at the confession even to himself that he was afraid! He was rather glad that the safety code made it seem foolish, for with very good reason he was desperately afraid to try it again.

"I think I'll join right away, too," he said.

"I suppose you're going to join, Mary Gay," Jennie Green remarked.

"Of course," returned Mary Gay, "and get a star as soon as I can — as soon as I can qualify," she amended with dignity.

"I suppose you'll want to be a judge too," twitted Jennie, nudging Eva. "She has a trapeze in the back yard and skins the cat just like a boy," she snickered.

Mary Gay's brown eyes darkened with anger.

"I can skin the cat better than some boys," she said coldly, "and when I get older I'll be a judge if I get elected."

"Oh, but you'll never be elected," Eva said spitefully, "'cause women aren't judges."

"Tomorrow I'll bring one of my mother's magazines to school and show you the picture of a woman judge,"

and turning abruptly Mary Gay walked away, leaving two surprised girls.

"She thinks she's smart," said Eva.

"Well, she did get 95 in geography and — well, I don't see why girls have to join anyway."

On the way home Mary Gay met Eloise Gray. Although Eloise was two grades ahead, they were good friends.

"Of course I'm going to join," said Eloise, "but I don't see what use there is for me to try to be a star member."

"I'm going to try," Mary Gay said, wondering why Eloise should feel that way about it.

"But most of the things in the star code I don't do anyway and I don't —"

"Have you looked," Mary Gay asked, "for 'dangerous situations' or 'unsafe conditions'?"

"Well, I hadn't really thought about that. Just what would you say was an unsafe condition?"

Mary Gay spoke hesitatingly. "I thought I'd ask Uncle Doctor about that; but let's look it up for ourselves. Then if we can't understand it we can ask him."

They hurried to Mary Gay's and opened the big dictionary. "Condition" they found means a lot of things. They read through all the definitions carefully and wondered which one to take. Finally they decided that it must be "1. State or mode in which a person or thing exists," or possibly, "4. Event, fact, or the like that is necessary to the occurrence of some other though not its cause."

Although they did not feel at all clear about unsafe conditions they decided to look up "situations" to see if that definition might not help to settle the question. They found "situation" under "situate," and decided that 4. seemed the most likely: "4. A combination of circumstances; complication; crisis." With the big book between them they sat on the floor, silently regarding its closely printed pages. Finally Eloise spoke:

"If a careless person leaves matches on a chair, I suppose that is an unsafe condition, and if the baby gets hold of them, why — that must be a dangerous situation."

"Because if the baby eats them —" said Mary Gay.

"Eats them!" exclaimed Eloise.

Mary Gay nodded.

"Uncle Doctor says that he is always being called to homes where babies have eaten some dangerous thing that the grown ups have left around — they put everything into their mouths, you know. Anyway, a baby might put a match into its mouth, and matches have poison in them, so that would be all right — I mean that would be a dangerous situation."

"But we can't make them up — we have to 'report two unsafe conditions' and 'correct four dangerous situations,' and that is going to be hard," said Eloise.

"Well, we'll just have to keep our eyes open," returned Mary Gay.

Every room in the school had at least ten pupils who wished to join the Safety Council and many of the rooms had more. In assembly the following Monday Mr. Gordon announced that the first meeting of the

Bryant School Safety Council would be held that afternoon. Then he read the list of officers that had been appointed. They were Willard Thorp, from grade 7A, President; Harriet Hills, 6A, Vice-President; Isabel Layton, 7B, Secretary; and James Bruce, 7A, Captain of Patrol. For the Court Mr. Gordon appointed Jerry Jenkins, 8A, Judge; Elmer West, 8B, District Attorney; and Eloise Gray, 7B, Court Clerk.

Of course all the boys and girls were excited about the appointments. Some of them were surprised and of those, no one was more surprised than Jimmie to find himself captain of patrol!

Needless to say, all the new officers were willing to make the effort to qualify for star membership, for they realized that later only star members would be allowed to hold office.

Late that afternoon the boys and girls who wished to join the Council met in the assembly room. Mr. Gordon called the meeting to order and then asked Willard Thorp to come to the platform and take the pledge.

Willard did as he was directed. He looked very grave as he said the pledge. Mr. Gordon then turned the meeting over to him, and he called the officers one by one. They came sedately up on the platform and gave the pledge. It was evident that each officer earnestly desired to serve the Council to the best of his ability. Jimmie's face was very serious, and his voice was clear so that each word that he said could be heard.

"There goes old Carrot-top," whispered a boy who was not joining the Council, but was curious to know

what was going on. His name was Joe, and with Sam, his pal, he had slipped into the hall so that he could peek in the door.

“Better watch out for old Carrot-top now,” returned Sam. “He’ll go telling on you if you ride the little kids on your handlebars.”

“Aw — I don’t care,” Joe whispered back ; “guess I’ll do it — just to see what happens !”

They didn’t wait to see more of the meeting, for Mr. Gordon had caught sight of them, and they flew down the hall and out of the building as fast as they could go.

In the meeting, the officers took their places as they were installed. Willard then gave a short talk on the possible activities for the Council. He suggested that they have a bulletin board upon which could be placed notices of meeting, new rulings, and items of interest to the Council and the school. He asked Mr. Gordon where it might be placed. Mr. Gordon suggested midway in the main hall on the left side as most accessible for all grades. He added that he thought it could be made in the manual training workshop if one of the boys would volunteer to do it. Homer Jones and Will Wallace responded at once, and as they were very good in their manual training work, their offer was accepted by the Council immediately. Willard then announced that Jimmie would appoint chairmen for supervision of the stairways, the fire escapes, playground, basement, and drinking fountains, and would select the traffic squad to serve under the direction of Officer Ryan at the opening and closing hours of school. Mr. Gordon

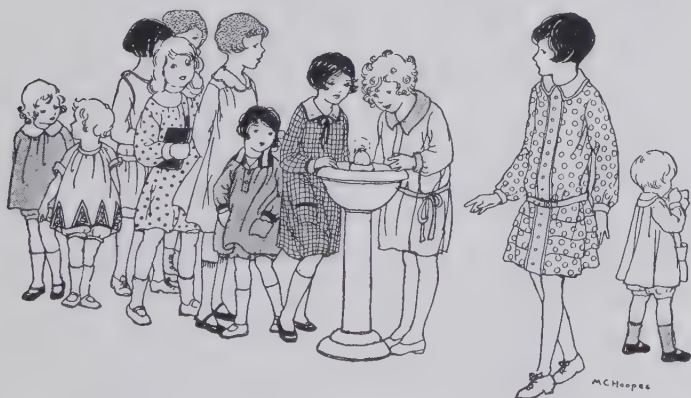
requested that a meeting of the officers be held immediately after the regular meeting.

Then they all sang this safety song to the tune of "Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking":

"Children, children, I've been thinking
What a safe world this would be,
If at every street and crossing,
Stop! Look! Think! our motto'd be.

"Safety, safety, I've been thinking
Safety all the year around,
With the children always watching,
Thinking, listening for every sound." ¹

The elections of the class captains and safety commissioners came the day after the meeting of the Safety Council. Although only the boys or girls who had applied for membership could hold the offices, the entire class had the privilege of voting. Naturally there was



Mary Gay had supervision of the drinking fountains

¹ From the Safety Number *Mountaineer*, John Muir School, Seattle.

much discussion before the nominations were made and the candidates taken under consideration.

Mary Gay and Tom were elected by their room to be class captain and safety commissioner. The first thing they did was to go carefully over each traffic and playground rule in order that there might be no misunderstanding about reportable actions. They realized that such an understanding was necessary, in fairness to themselves and the class.

Jimmie was having a very busy time, for he had to select the various chairmen who were to serve under him. In order to avoid mistakes he discussed prospective appointees with Mr. Gordon and Willard, assigning them when his recommendations had been approved. He appointed John to serve on street traffic with a boy from 7A and two boys from the 8B grade. Mary Gay he put in charge of the drinking fountains, where she had her hands full, especially at recess when all the children wanted to drink at the same time. Nevertheless, she saw to it that the little ones were not crowded out of line and that water was not unnecessarily spilled on the floor.

Jimmie assigned himself to serve as one of the inside traffic officers, as it seemed best for him to be where he could work with his chairmen. He longed mightily to be on duty with the street traffic squad, but he knew that those outside were being directed by Officer Ryan, and he did what he thought was best for the school.



A case before the Safety Court

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE COUNCIL AND THE COURT

“ALEC MCGEE reported Tuesday for jaywalking. Wednesday for hitching on a truck. Thursday for climbing on a lumber wagon while it was moving.”

Willard shook his head and wrote “Summons — Visiting teacher,” then returned to his reading. “Good,” he said to himself when he read this report :

“Two drivers did not slow down when turning from Lexington to Third Street. This is a dangerous corner and speeding on this corner is most unsafe for pedestrians and drivers. The numbers of the cars and names of the firms were taken. It is recommended that the firms be written to about it. They were West Shore Trucking Co., No. 095784, and Mason Frank Co., No. 263864.”

“Refer to Secretary,” wrote Willard in a business-like manner. He read the rest of the reports care-

fully, but as quickly as he could, because he had much to do before the meeting and he wished to send the reports with his recommendation to Mr. Gordon. Next he turned to the room reports, noting such items as these :

“John told of playing ball with his crowd. Other boys insist on getting in the way of the bat. They should be more careful and thoughtful.”

“The class finds that little children don’t think much of our help at first but they seem to be more careful afterward.”

“Marguerite has cautioned children not to ride with wagons, kiddie cars, or skates down driveways to streets where the cars go.”

“Edgar spoke to small boys about the danger of playing in houses that are being built.”

“Jean warned a girl about using kerosene oil in the stove. The girl said that her mother used it and she could use it too. Jean told her that it was very unsafe to use kerosene oil.”

“Virginia saved her little cousin from being run over by catching her in her arms when she wanted to get her ball when the ball was going in front of an auto. She then wheeled her in the buggy for safe amusement.”

“We’re going to have several new silver stars before long, Mr. Gordon,” said Willard as he handed the papers to the principal, who acted as adviser.

“Good enough!” exclaimed Mr. Gordon as he laid the papers on his desk. “I’ll see that these are returned

to you before the meeting, and I'll send word to you if I have suggestions to make."

As Willard left the office he met Jimmie, who beckoned him to one side.

"I've found something that the whole Safety Council ought to hear. You know you asked me to talk on 'How the City Aims to Protect Us,' but if you don't mind I'd like to read this instead. Officer Ryan will tell part of what I'd say when he talks next time on city ordinances — mostly about riding wheels, you know — but this —" he carefully drew the front sheet of a railway paper from his pocket, "Dad showed it to me; he gets this paper because he does things — surgery, and casts, and X-ray — for accident cases for the railroad. Well, he just thought it was great — it's honest to goodness true."

Willard scanned the first few lines.

"Great stuff," he said. "Yes, read it at the meeting." Then with a hasty glance at the hall clock he dashed away.

When the Bryant School Safety Council assembled half an hour later every one was interested, but four of the number were a little excited. They were the four who had just qualified for star membership. Willard called the meeting to order, and they all sang "The Star Spangled Banner." After that Isabel Layton read the minutes of the last meeting and they were approved. Then the four applicants who were to become star members came up on the platform as their names were called and with due ceremony were given their bright new star buttons. One by one they returned to

their seats, each determined that he would never forfeit his shiny star. Jeers, scorn, and dares had not shaken them from the keeping of the safety rules for a month. In fact, now there seemed to be no temptation to break the rules. It seemed to them that keeping the code was really the only thing for a fellow with any sense to do anyway.

Willard announced that James Bruce had a very interesting news article to read. Jimmie came forward carrying the carefully folded page in his hand and read clearly, so that all could hear.

REPAIR 750 CARS WITHOUT INJURY TO ANY EMPLOYÉ¹

SAFETY RECORD FOR MONTH AT ENOLA STEEL CAR SHOP IS
UNIQUE IN HISTORY OF RAILROAD WORKERS

COMMITTEES GET CREDIT

The Enola Steel Car Shop, which has been identified prominently with Safety First producers since the first rivet was driven, has made a new record which is unique in the history of railroad shops.

During the month 750 cars were torn down, repaired, and rebuilt without a single employé's receiving the slightest injury.

Last month it was determined to stage a campaign for a non-accident month. The "old heads" and the "wise-acs" said it could not be done, that some one was bound to get in the way of a hot rivet or have a finger lacerated while handling scrap-iron or something else, and that it was just

¹ From *The Pennsylvania News*, Philadelphia, 15 June, 1925.

simply impossible for 750 cars to be torn down, repaired, and rebuilt without somebody's getting hurt.

The Safety Committee argued differently and insisted that nothing in the safety line was impossible. They did more. They put their arguments into practice and demonstrated once more the old truth that the only way to get anything done is to do it! The appearance of the safety bulletin board on the morning of the first when the men reported for work revealed the fact that not a single accident in any gang had occurred, and all gangs were 100 per cent.

127,800 Man Hours

In order to form some idea of the magnitude of this accomplishment, consider the following figures: The number of cars completely torn down and repaired during the month, 750 Gs and Gsd gondolas, required a total of 127,800 man hours; 1,340,250 rivets were driven by means of hydraulic riveters and air hammers, requiring nearly 300 tons of rivets; 7,642,800 pounds of new material was applied to these cars, and 2,288,000 pounds of material was removed from car bodies, straightened, repaired, and reapplied.

By no means the least of the operations involved is the collecting and disposing of scrap. During the month 6,886,000 pounds of scrap of all kinds was collected, sorted, and loaded out for sale. Surely the men who served on the safety committee in this shop have set a record of which they may justly be proud. They have also set a mark for the rest of the Eastern Region which challenges all safety committees to their best efforts.

Committees Tackle Job

After the Enola Steel Car Shop was opened a number of unfortunate accidents occurred, and at one time it even

seemed likely that the shop would make for itself a reputation for hazardous conditions. Foreman Hassler and his safety committee were not convinced, however, that the shop deserved such a reputation, and they decided to prove that accidents were not any more necessary or unavoidable in the steel shop than elsewhere. Following this determination a steady improvement resulted, each successive month showing fewer accidents than the month before. The safety bulletin board was devised, on which were placed the names of all the gang foremen in the shop, and the accidents occurring in each gang during the month were chalked up, showing whether they were unavoidable or due to carelessness.

“This is a very good thing for us all to hear,” said Willard when Jimmie had finished reading. “If they can have a no-accident record in a shop where there are many hazards, we surely ought to come out of our no-accident campaign for the year with flying colors. I am sure that every one of us will be willing to do his or her part in order that we may have just as good a record for the school year as the Enola Steel Car Shop had for their busy month.”

“Gee!” Tom remarked to John as they left the building that afternoon, “somebody had a good safety arithmetic problem figuring out all those man hours and tons and stuff!”

“Do you suppose those man hours mean all the hours all the men work?” John asked.

“Suppose so,” returned Tom, and carefully looking out for cars he mounted his wheel and rode away.

Alec looked at the card in his hand. So they’d de-

cided to call him before the court again! "I don't care," he muttered, shrugging his shoulders and scowling at the harmless little piece of pasteboard.

Subpæna

SAFETY COURT OF THE BRYANT SCHOOL

County of Davis, City of Collins

The Pupils of the Bryant School

To *Alec McGee*

GREETING :

You are commanded to appear before the Safety Court of the Bryant School at 3:30 p.m.

on the 27th day of October 1926

in Room Assembly

By order of the Court

Eloise Gray Clerk

And it was John who had reported him, too! John, who used to do anything he suggested, now said "That's too dangerous," or "I won't do that, but I'll play ball with you in the vacant lot on Yonge Street." John, Tom, and Jimmie — all the kids, it seemed — had the safety bug now, so more and more he found himself alone. A fellow did not mind going about alone part of the time, and of course he had Dime — still a fellow did not like it much being alone almost all the time!

He was quite right. John had reported him, and so had Mary Gay and Jimmie, too. They had made this report to Eric Smith, the 6A commissioner, and he had made out the little card which Josephine Jones, class captain, had approved and signed.

THE BRYANT SCHOOL

City of Collins

Name *Alice McLee*

Class *6A* Room *14*

Witnesses *John West, James Bruce, Mary Gay*

Offense *Jaywalking, hooking on truck, climbing
on moving lumber wagon*

Erie Smith

Safety Commissioner

Josephine Jones

Class Captain

This card and several others were sent to the court clerk, who recorded them in the big book kept for that purpose.

Twice a month the class captains and safety commissioners met with the officers of the Council. At these meetings they discussed ways to better conditions and went over the reports that had been received by the safety commissioners and class captains. Oftentimes they settled cases out of court by referring them to the teacher for a reprimand or by having the offenders write safety words or a composition on safety. This of course was to keep minor offenses off the court calendar and to correct younger children promptly. It also gave young or first offenders a better chance to understand the Safety Council's work, and usually they became co-operators at once.

The court of the Safety Council was held once each month. On the day of the court Eloise checked up

her record book and subpoenaed the offenders of all the cases that had not been closed. She also sent notices to the witnesses for the court. The defense also could call witnesses. After Eloise had made out the little cards she gave them to Jimmie, who, as captain of patrol, served them on the offenders.

The court was open to all members of the Council and usually the assembly room was more than half full. This Wednesday was no exception. When all the boys and girls had taken their seats you could have heard even a pin drop. One could easily count the tick-tock of the big school clock.

As the hand of the clock pointed to the exact minute for the court to open, Jerry Jenkins came in, and every one stood up. With his head held high, his shoulders straight, and his chest up he walked to the platform, gravely bowed to the assemblage, and took his seat behind the desk. He was the judge, and he realized his responsibility. Quietly the boys and girls seated themselves.

Then came Elmer West, the district attorney, his forehead wrinkled with perplexity. On him rested the responsibility of seeing that the cases were justly presented.

Eloise Gray, the record book and a notebook under her arm and well-sharpened pencils in her hand, took her seat at the table by the side of the district attorney. She was the court clerk, and it was her duty to call the cases and make accurate record of the court procedure.

The audience gazed at the court officials with respect, for they knew that the judge, the district attorney, and

the court clerk would do what seemed to be best for the school. The officers had been selected to uphold the rules made for the good of all, and they punished only those offenders who violated the rules of safety in the school district.

The offenders, led by a guard and followed by Jimmie, captain of patrol, came in. There was Louise, hanging her head with a tell-tale blush of embarrassment ; Jack with his eyes downcast ; Joe, finding it not so funny as he expected ; and Alec with an indifference entirely assumed.

In a quiet, business-like manner the judge called for the calendar. The clerk handed it to him. He looked it over carefully and then said to the clerk, "Call the first case." Eloise opened her book and read, "Bryant School Safety Council *versus* Jack Jones. Jack Jones step forward !"

Poor Jack, scared and ashamed, made his way to the platform. In his hand was the wicked squirt gun, and there wasn't any way to get it out of sight. If only there were a hole in the floor that would swallow him and the squirt gun too !

The judge turned to Elmer West, the district attorney, and requested him to state the case.

"Your Honor," said Elmer, turning to address the judge, "the case before us is that of Jack Jones of the fourth grade, who has been guilty of a serious offense. Jack very thoughtlessly has brought his squirt gun to school, and, your Honor, he has been guilty not only of bringing the said gun to school, but of squirting water at the other children."

The judge looked at Jack with stern disapproval.

"The prisoner has been guilty of squirting water in the faces of the other children and that is not the worst, your Honor," proceeded the district attorney, "this morning Jack filled his gun with dirty water out of the gutter and squirted it at Jennie Green. By good fortune, your Honor, the stream of dirty water missed her eyes. Still, something ought to be done about it. The safety magazine, *Safety Education*, says that children have had serious eye injuries as a result of such carelessness, and that in a few instances, blindness has resulted from this heedless sort of play."

"H — m," said the judge sternly, turning to Jack, who looked perfectly miserable.

"As witnesses, your honor, I produce Jennie Green and Joseph Smith." Pointing to Joseph, the district attorney asked, "Did you, Joseph Smith, see Jack squirt water from the gutter?"

Joseph, a little startled by the suddenness of the question and hating to tell on a comrade, rose and mumbled, "Yes, sir."

"A little louder," commanded the judge.

"Yes, your Honor," Joseph reluctantly repeated.

Then turning to Jennie Green, the district attorney asked, "Did you, Jennie Green, have dirty water from the gutter squirted at you by Jack?"

Jennie needed no coaxing. She sat in a front seat and she stood up promptly. "I should say I did," she blurted angrily. "And if you don't believe me here is the hanky I wiped my face with," she added, waving in the air a grimy handkerchief.

"That is enough," the judge interposed, feeling that Jennie might go out of bounds in her eagerness to testify.

"Your Honor," said the district attorney, "you have heard the evidence in the case, and I am sure there is sufficient proof to establish the guilt of the prisoner, so I leave the case in your hands."

The judge turned to the accused. "Have you anything to say?" he asked.

Jack Jones shook his head.

"Members of the Council," said the judge, "you have heard the evidence of these witnesses. In view of the facts of the case I deliver the verdict of 'guilty.' The sentence in this case," went on the judge, "will be this: Jack will have to leave his squirt gun at home, or if he brings it to school, he must leave it on the teacher's desk. He will be reported if he uses it around the school at any time. It was just by good luck that a serious accident did not happen. Such play must be condemned. After this, anybody using a squirt gun on the school grounds is liable to forfeit it."

The children looked their approval, and Jack, with a sigh of relief, eagerly thrust the troublesome squirt gun into Jimmie's hand.

"Bryant School Safety Council *versus* Louise Jamison," Eloise read from the big book.

"Louise, please step forward."

Louise walked up to the platform, so shy and so embarrassed that she would not look at the judge but just hung her head and stared at the floor. She looked so miserable that even the district attorney began to feel

sorry for her; nevertheless he was determined to do his duty.

"Your Honor," the district attorney was speaking again, "the case of Louise of the fourth grade is called because she has broken two laws, one sanitary and one safety. I have two witnesses to prove that Louise has broken the safety and sanitary rules of the school. Jessie Taylor, did you see Louise throw a banana peel on the school grounds?"

"Yes, sir," Jessie replied, "right on the sidewalk in front of the school."

"And did you," continued the district attorney, turning to Earl King, "slip and fall on that same banana peel?"

Now, a fellow hates to tell on a girl, but he was in court and he was pledged to tell the truth, so Earl hesitatingly answered, "Well, sir, I was running and fell. It really wasn't Louise's fault."

"Were you hurt much?" asked the judge.

"Just skinned my wrist a little," Earl responded with a grin, still gallantly trying to shield Louise.

"Your Honor," pressed the district attorney, "Louise has broken two laws. It is insanitary to leave refuse around the school grounds, and dangerous as well. I ask you, however, to remember, sir, that Louise is only in the fourth grade and that this is her first offense."

"Since the offender seems to realize the fault, I consider a reprimand from the teacher sufficient. However," said the judge, "I wish to call the attention of every member of this school to the rule: No banana

peels, apple cores, or similar refuse may be thrown on the school grounds. Penalty: punishment at the hands of the School Safety Council. Let this case be a warning!"

To Louise it seemed that it took her hours to get down from the platform and to slip into a vacant seat. But it really was only a few seconds between the judge's warning and the clerk's voice reading:

"Bryant School Safety Council *versus* Alec McGee."

Alec stood defiantly eyeing the judge.

"Step forward, please," said the judge politely, but in a firm voice. Reluctantly Alec stepped forward. This was the case of the session, and it disturbed Alec to have them all regarding him so fixedly.

"Why don't they have their old Safety Council and leave the rest of us alone?" he thought. He stared back at them, but way down deep in his heart he felt ashamed.

"Your Honor," began the district attorney, "we have a serious case before us. Alec McGee is brought into court on three charges, — jaywalking, hitching on a truck, and climbing on a moving lumber wagon. This is not, as you know, his first offense. I shall call three witnesses. John West, James Bruce, and Mary Gay."

There was a slight stir as the witnesses moved forward and took front seats.

John West was the first witness questioned. He said:

"I was on duty with Officer Ryan at half-past eight, Tuesday morning, the eighteenth. Alec came along

when I was holding pedestrians at my corner, waiting for the start signal from Officer Ryan. Alec wanted to cross and I said he couldn't, and he laughed and walked to the middle of the block where he crossed without regard for our signals."

The judge listened attentively, the clerk made careful notes, and the district attorney excused the witness and called Jimmie, who said :

"On the afternoon of the nineteenth I met Alec and asked him if he'd like to play ball with Tom and me in Tompkins' lot. He said he would and we started over. A truck came along and Alec said, 'Let's ride!' We said, 'It's against the code.' He jumped on the truck and called out to us, 'Go ahead and take care of your precious little hides — I'm going to ride.' "

"Is Tom here?" asked the district attorney.

Tom rose at the back of the room.

"Will you come forward? Have you anything to add or anything to change in the testimony as given by James Bruce?"

Tom shook his head. "No, sir," he said.

"Then you confirm his statements?"

"Yes, sir."

Tom was excused and Mary Gay was called and questioned.

"Coming along Fourth Street on the afternoon of the twentieth, I saw Alec run into the street and hitch on a lumber wagon."

"Was the wagon going rapidly?"

"No, but the horses were going at a good fast walk."

"Anything else?"

"He climbed on safely — it looked as if he just wanted me to see him" — a crimson flush swept over Alec's face, but Mary Gay went on calmly — "so I'd report him. He dropped off after he'd passed me. I turned back and hurried and caught up with him. 'Why did you do that?' I asked him. 'Why shouldn't I do it?' he answered. Then I said, 'It's not safe, Alec. The lumber might come loose and fall on you.' He said, 'Well, what about your trapeze?' And then I said, 'That's good exercise. My father put it up for me and I know what I'm going to do next, but when you're hitching on a lumber wagon you don't know what the driver or the horse or the lumber or the traffic is going to do next — and so you may spoil our no-accident record.'" Mary Gay paused.

"Is that all?" asked the district attorney.

"Yes, sir; he just walked away."

"You're excused," said the district attorney, and Mary Gay returned to her seat.

"Have you witnesses to be questioned?" he asked Alec, who shook his head and looked at the floor as if he were beginning to feel a little ashamed of himself.

The district attorney then addressed the judge.

"Your Honor," he began, "from the testimony you can see that Alec has refused to coöperate with the Safety Council. We are sorry that he has not been able to understand the Council and what it is trying to do, but we don't feel that he ought to keep on paying no attention to all its rules. Several of us have talked to him, but it hasn't done any good. So it seems to me, your Honor, that something ought to be done to make

him see that the rules are important and have to be obeyed."

The judge regarded Alec very gravely, then he spoke slowly.

"Alec McGee, you have been reported to the Council several times and referred to the court on three counts. We haven't tried to make you join the Council, but we can't let you go on showing no respect for the good of the school. I am going to sentence you on three counts. For one week you will leave the school under the guard which will call for you before class is dismissed. After that you will serve as traffic officer under Officer Ryan for two weeks, but you will not be allowed to wear the traffic squad armband during this time. On the second and third counts we will ask the visiting teacher to visit your home."

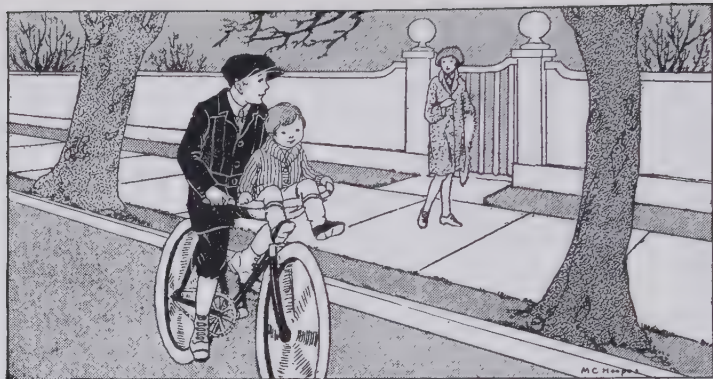
Alec flushed and moved uneasily at those words.

"You may be excused." The judge was still polite, but it was clear how he regarded such lawless behavior, and Alec, feeling much more ashamed than he ever would have confessed, came down from the platform with flushed face, holding his head high but avoiding the eyes of his mates. They were all against him and it made him angry; yet in his heart of hearts he knew that it was largely his own fault that he stood alone. Well, he wouldn't give in, so there!

"Bryant School Safety Council *versus* Joe Johnson," read Eloise from the record book. "Joe, please step forward. Marjory Smith, witness for the court."

Marjory followed Joe forward.

The district attorney turned to the judge.



Joe ought to know better than to take a small boy riding on the handlebars

“Your Honor, we have brought Joe Johnson before the court because he insists on riding other children on his handlebars. He has been reported three times for doing it. It was settled out of court the first two times and he was referred to his teacher. He has not paid much attention to what has been said to him and so, your Honor, he has been brought to court on the recommendation of the commissioners and the president of the council. I will ask Marjory Smith to testify. Now, Marjory, tell the court what you saw.”

“Just yesterday, two blocks from school on Kentucky Street, I saw Joe riding a little boy named Frank on his handlebars. I hurried, to catch up with him and remind him that it was against the code and tell him that I would have to report him. Before I caught up to him another boy on a bicycle came out of a gate, and Joe turned quickly to keep from hitting him, and Frank fell off.”

"How old is Frank?" asked the district attorney.

"He's about five and a half."

"Was Frank hurt?"

Joe moved uncomfortably at this question.

"Yes, he fell off and hit a tree and the bark scratched him some. And he had a bump on his arm that turned blue afterwards."

Joe squirmed miserably during this. He did wish from the soles of his feet to the top of his head that he had never said, "I'll do it just to see what happens."

The judge looked at him severely. An offender who had persistently broken rules until he had hurt some one, deserved a penalty. The district attorney turned toward the judge, indicating that he was ready to rest the case. The judge spoke abruptly.

"A boy with so little judgment as this offender ought not to own a bicycle. It wouldn't be so bad if he'd taken a boy of his own age, but to lead a younger child into danger is —" he hesitated at the word — "cowardly!"

Joe blushed to the roots of his hair and bit his lip.

"I find the offender guilty and give him this sentence: he must not bring his wheel to school again during this term!"

The calendar was cleared. The judge rose, quietly adjourned court, and left the room.



Jimmie began worming his way forward, pushing the coat in front of him

CHAPTER NINE

FRAIDY CAT!

CHRISTMAS night the thermometer dropped several degrees and the lake was frozen over. It seemed as if the Snow Queen had decided on the spur of the moment to give holiday skating to the children of Collins for a Christmas present. Jimmie was among the number who could hardly wait to try his new skates.

"Better look the ice over carefully," warned his father. "Sometimes the sudden freezes are tricky."

"I want to go skating, too," announced Mary Gay, coming in at the door with Jimmie's outgrown skates over her arm. "I'm going with you. Mother says I may go if you'll take me."

"Oh, I suppose so," Jimmie answered ungraciously.

He didn't want her along; he wanted to go out and find some of the boys.

"James!" Doctor George spoke quietly, but there was an edge to his voice that brought Jimmie sharply to a realization of his rudeness.

"Why — yes — come along if you want to." Jimmie strove lamely to be a bit more cordial.

Mary Gay stood in the doorway, her red coat buttoned close to her throat and her sturdy legs encased in snugly fastened leggins. "Well, are you ready?" she asked as she pulled her white cap farther over her ears with her white mittened hands and twisted her red scarf around her neck. She knew that Jimmie did not want to take her. But she wanted to go. So there! Besides, she knew that she could skate as well as any boy of her age, and better than most of the girls; that was why she wanted to go with Jimmie.

Rather silently they trudged through the icy streets and over the snowy fields to the small lake at one edge of the town. At the lake Jimmie looked about for a good place to put on their skates, but before they started to put them on he remembered his father's warning and inspected the ice.

"Guess we'll have to stay near the edge," he said shortly. "When you get out a ways it doesn't look very good."

He stopped for a moment and watched some boys skating toward them, then dropped down beside Mary Gay. They sat on a log and slipped their skates off the straps. The two boys were skating nearer, cutting wide figure eights as they came. Jimmie saw that they

were Sam and Joe. He shouted to them, "Watch out for the middle — it doesn't look good!"

"Oh, we'll look out for ourselves, old Carrot-top," Joe called back, balancing with his arms as he cut a sharp corner.

"Where's your doll, Little Red Riding Hood?" Sam jeered as he swept by them.

Jimmie's face turned scarlet. He stood up, dropping his skates. Mary Gay gave him a startled glance.

"Fraidy cat — safety bat," shouted Joe for good measure.

"You come and say that to my face," cried Jimmie, choking with fury.

"Fraidy cat — safety bat!" the two cried in chorus, cutting didoes with elaborate carelessness. "Fraidy cat — safety bat!" they chanted. "He plays with girls," they called, taking swooping curves, but always shouting their insults from a safe distance.

Jimmie stood still, clinching his hands, his face crimson with rage.

"I dare you to come here and say that," he shouted.

But his tormentors only skated in wide figure eights to the rhythm of their taunting chant, "Fraidy cat — safety bat!"

Indifferent to the warning, Sam made a swooping circle that carried him too near the center — the ice cracked — he gave one frenzied glance about, threw up his hands, dropped through a jagged hole, and disappeared into the cold water.

"Oh — oh!" screamed Joe, wavering back and forth helplessly on his skates.

Instantly Sam's head appeared and his hands, clutching desperately at the rough and insecure edge of the broken ice, took hold and held on.

In the first terrifying moment, Jimmie had raced forward, tearing off his coat as he ran. Mary Gay came after him. Jimmie threw his coat toward Sam. "Grab it!" he shouted, but it was beyond Sam's fingers.

"Go for help!" shouted Mary Gay to the petrified Joe.

Jimmie ventured nearer. The ice cracked ominously. He stretched out flat and began worming his way forward, pushing the coat in front of him.

Sam was able to grasp it, but his hands were getting numb and his teeth were chattering violently.

"Hold on!" gasped Jimmie. "Can you climb out? Try it!"

Sam made a desperate attempt, but the ice broke under him. His wet clothing and his skates weighed him down. His hands were quite numb now and his lips were blue.

"Hold on, Sam! Hold on!" begged Jimmie.

"Let me crawl out," begged Mary Gay. "I'm not heavy."

"Too risky," Jimmie answered her in a choked voice and began to climb hand over hand along his coat as if he were climbing a rope.

Mary Gay, guessing his plan, stretched herself full length on the ice and grasped his ankles. Slowly she crawled along on her elbows, never letting go her grasp but trying not to hold Jimmie back.

Sam's face was ghastly white now. His breath was coming in long sighs and his eyelids fluttered as if he could hardly hold them open.

"Hold on — oh, Sam, hold on!" panted Jimmie pleadingly. If he could only get there in time! His heart thumped as if it would break the ice with its pounding. His breath came chokingly, and the cold cut into his chest and made it hard for him to breathe. Doggedly Mary Gay crept after him, saying gasping little prayers to herself.

At last Jimmie reached the edge and dug his fingers into the lapels of the coat showing above the jagged rim of ice just as Sam's head fell forward and he sank into unconsciousness.

"Oh, why doesn't somebody come?" sobbed Mary Gay. "Can you pull him?"

Jimmie made an effort, but the ice only broke around Sam and cracked back to where Mary Gay lay stretched upon it. A bubble forced its way through the crack with a weird sound. Jimmie gritted his teeth and tried again. The result was the same. He was getting desperate, and his hands were so cold that it was only by force of will that he kept his hold on his limp and heavy burden. He made a third effort, and this time he was able to pull Sam part way over the icy rim, but he could not budge him further. Then he made a discovery — the belt of Sam's jacket was caught on a sharp point of ice.

"Mary Gay," he panted, "I've got to go forward. His belt —"

Mary Gay released the tension on his leg and Jimmie

shifted his right hand to Sam's collar and they moved forward again. With his left hand he managed to work the belt free.

"All right," he gasped, his strength almost spent as he clutched the back of Sam's collar with both hands. Mary Gay began easing backward, using all her energy to help Jimmie pull the dead weight to which he clung so tenaciously.

Finally they reached safety.

"Is he dead?" gasped Mary Gay.

"I don't know," Jimmie answered in a strangled voice.

They turned him over. He was still breathing with those same shallow, sighing breaths. His lips and hands were blue and his face looked pinched and drawn. Keeping him flat they frantically rubbed his hands, arms, and legs.

"Oh, why doesn't somebody come?" sobbed Mary Gay, struggling desperately with her fear.

"If we only had a sled," Jimmie muttered.

At last Joe came in sight with two men. He had gone out to the road, which always seemed to be swarming with trucks and wagons — and there was not a person or vehicle in sight. Beside himself with fear, he had run madly about and had finally found two men coming from the town. They had picked him up and had driven toward the lake as fast as they could. They passed one sleigh and had shouted to the people to telephone for a doctor, and then they had left their truck to dash to the lake.

They picked up the limp and unconscious Sam and the little procession hurried across the fields toward

the truck. They all climbed in and started to town, Jimmie and Mary Gay sitting on the floor beside Sam and trying to keep him covered with the ragged robe as they chafed his hands and legs.

They had just reached the edge of town when they met Doctor George in his car. He halted with a sharp application of the brakes that caused the car to skid a bit. His face was white and there were deep lines in his cheeks. He took the boy in his arms and carried him to his car, where he laid him flat on the bottom of the tonneau, placing the foot warmer near him.

"Shock," he muttered, opening his medicine case. He held something under Sam's nose and then felt his pulse. "Roll up his sleeve," he ordered shortly.

Jimmie and Mary Gay tugged at the soggy sleeve without result, so Jimmie drew out his boy-scout knife and slit it. Doctor George had taken out his shiny hypodermic case, had broken the neck of a tiny glass ampule, and had drawn the fluid into the hypodermic. With a bit of cotton wet with alcohol he briskly rubbed the arm through the slit in the sleeve and with a quick movement inserted the needle and injected the fluid. Then he felt the pulse for a moment, and carefully covering the limp figure said gruffly: "We must hurry!"

He started the engine and turned the car in the snow. The wheels moved — slipped — moved again and skidded.

"Watch him," said the doctor over his shoulder, "and keep him quiet."

Finally the car started rolling in the road again. Mary Gay and Jimmie bent over Sam, who opened his

eyes for a moment, looked vaguely about, then closed them again. They moved the foot warmer, to make sure it was not too near. "A shocked patient is easily burned," the doctor had told them.

They crouched over Sam for what seemed to be an endless ride, when suddenly the car stopped.

"Go ahead and tell his mother that he's not seriously hurt but that he must have attention at once," ordered the doctor, and Jimmie obeyed him as fast as his stiff legs permitted.

The doctor was right. Sam needed attention at once, and what was more he needed it for a long time afterwards, for he developed pneumonia and tossed about muttering deliriously for five days. During this time Doctor George visited him twice a day, his keen gray eyes alert for any new symptom. The fact that Sam's mother would never be able to pay the bill did not affect his interest in the case or lessen the number of his visits. He had gone to the lake that day fearing for his own boy, and he had returned giving another's boy the best that his skill and experience had to offer.

Reluctantly Jimmie had told the story. Even in his most detailed accounts he had skimmed certain parts. Mary Gay, however, had been more exact. She had told it, just as it happened, to her mother, who told it to Jimmie's mother, who in turn told it to his father. Yet even if Doctor George had not heard it that way, he would have learned it from his patient, who called out incessantly, "Red Riding Hood — where's your doll — I'll take it all back — fraidy cat —

"Jimmie made that rescue all by himself," she declared hotly, "and he ought to get a gold star all by himself."

"But Joe said that you were there helping him," Willard objected.

"Jimmie did it all by himself," she repeated doggedly.

"But you —" began Willard helplessly.

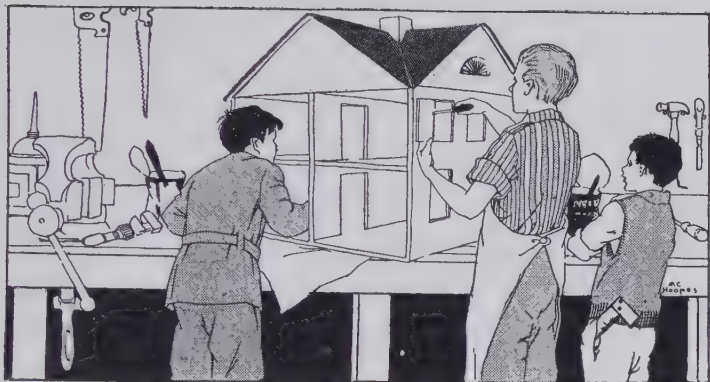
"I don't have a gold star for this — because Jimmie did it all by himself!" She was immovable.

"Better not insist," Isabel counseled after Mary Gay had left the room. "If she thinks she's right she'd refuse it up there on the platform."

But even Jimmie did not come up on the platform for his star. The day before the Council meeting he developed a very sore throat and was put to bed. So the Council voted that a committee be appointed to draw up a resolution expressing their appreciation, and that the resolution with the gold star be given Doctor Bruce to present to Jimmie. They all agreed that while he was sick was as good a time as any to give it — they were sure that if they were sick they'd be glad to know that the Council was thinking of them!

So Jimmie's mother made quite a party for the presentation. She put some lovely shaky lemon jelly on a green glass plate and laid a yellow rose beside it on a tray. The jelly she knew would slip down easily even if Jimmie's throat was sore, and the rose would look pretty even if he couldn't smell it. Then his father came in, and in behalf of the Bryant School Safety Council and the Kiwanis Club tendered him the gold star and the resolution. Mary Gay wrote him a jolly

letter, and Aunt Elizabeth sent him a lovely copy of *Scottish Chiefs*, so he really had a very nice time — that is as nice a time as one can expect to have with a throat that feels like a rusty pipe and tastes like old leather!



Everybody had a share in building the Careful House

CHAPTER TEN

THE SAFETY COUNCIL SHOW

THERE was a crowd in front of the Safety Council bulletin board, which had this announcement in clear, bold lettering :

ATTENTION

BRYANT SCHOOL SAFETY COUNCIL

It is earnestly requested that all members of the Council attend a special meeting in the Assembly Room this afternoon after school.

New business of importance to be discussed.

With scarcely a member missing, the Safety Council met as requested.

“We’ve been offered the use of a very large room in the business district,” the president began. “And we

can have this room for one week, beginning the fifteenth of next month. That is just a little more than four weeks from now. We've been talking of holding some kind of safety demonstration to show the other schools what we've been doing, and this offer gives us a chance to try it. We all know that people will come into a room in a central location when they would not have the interest or take the time to visit our school." Willard paused for breath, then went on. "The invitation came from Mr. Bernard, but the idea was suggested to him by Mr. Seward. I'd like to have the members of the Council say what they think about our trying to have a safety exhibition."

Instantly several members were on their feet waiting for recognition.

"Jimmie Bruce!" and the president signaled for him to speak.

"I think we ought to accept the offer at once. We could have a poster contest — invite the boys and girls of all the other schools to enter it. We could have exhibits just like a regular exhibition," he added, the picture of the exhibition of the Safety Congress coming to his mind.

"I think we ought to send a letter to Mr. Seward and another to Mr. Bernard thanking them for the use of the room," said Marjory when she was recognized by the chair.

"But we haven't accepted the proposition yet," the president reminded her.

"Where is the room?" came a voice from one side.

"At the corner of Fulton and Broad," returned Wil-

lard, and a little murmur of pleased surprise was heard. "You couldn't find a better place," he added.

The members of the Council agreed.

"Has any one any objections to bring up?"

A boy in the center rose. "Do you think we could do anything as big as that? You know it —"

But before he had finished a neighbor had pulled him back into his seat, and "Sure!" "Sit down!" "What's the matter with you?" swept over the room. Willard even had to rap sharply for order, which was an almost unheard of thing during a regular Council meeting.

"If it is agreeable to you a motion will be in order," he said with dignity.

Elmer stood and Willard acknowledged him. He said: "Mr. President, I move that we accept Mr. Bernard's kind offer and that we have an exhibition and invite all the schools in the city to visit it."

"I second the motion," said Harriet Hills.

"It has been moved and seconded," said Willard, repeating the motion. "Are you ready for the vote?"

"Question!" "Question!" came from several directions.

"All those in favor signify by saying 'Aye!'" and a strong, clear response swept over the room.

"Contrary minded, 'No!'" There was not a murmur. Evidently the doubtful had been subdued or had caught the enthusiasm of the majority.

"The vote is unanimous! We will now have suggestions as to how — well, what — well, what we'll do with the room now we've decided to take it. Jimmie

has suggested posters and exhibits, but we can have other things too. We'll need a committee for each thing — er, project, and an adviser for each committee. They can be appointed or elected later. But let's hear now what other suggestions there are."

Mary Gay rose and was recognized.

"We have almost finished mapping our school district — our map could be exhibited. We could have a big map of the city, too, showing some of the most dangerous crossings, the railroad tracks and the river, and — well, any dangerous places we could find."

"And why not have some plays," said another.

"And some drills — fire drills — and we could hold a safety court," put in a third.

"This is the most disorderly meeting we've ever had," said Willard, rapping for attention. "If I can have the attention of the group," — it sounded so much like Mr. Gordon that they almost expected to look up and see him speaking — "I will appoint chairmen to form committees to look after the various details."

Instantly there was complete silence, and the appointments were made in a most orderly fashion.

Shortly after the meeting the committees were in full swing. Their advisers, chosen from the teaching staff or the Parent-Teachers Association, had a very busy and rather nerve racking time at the beginning. There was no dearth of ideas. Rather there was such a deluge of them that it required considerable tact to get the committees to settle on practical and workable plans. Once the project had been outlined and their energies properly directed, the work went on apace.

Mr. Gordon announced at the very beginning that poor scholarship would disqualify a student's work. Even the laziest of the children took their lessons as a task to be attended to promptly and thoroughly, and many of them made the amazing discovery that the really hard part of study, generally speaking, was just getting to work. With so much to be done and such fascinating things to do, they simply could not afford to spend their time dallying. Willard and Elmer and some of the older members kept track of the lesson reports of the Council members, and when some one seemed to be lagging behind the standard they saw that he or she received a little help from an older boy or girl.

The weather at this time was stormy, and the mothers were really quite glad to know that the children were indoors working at tasks that were instructive as well as entertaining. When the plan for the exhibit was fairly well worked out, the outline was sent to the Parent-Teachers Association and the mothers learned just what the children were doing while they were away from home. They all became interested and were willing to help in any way they could.

Mr. Gordon arranged for the manual training shop and two classrooms to be used after school. This made it possible to keep all the supplies together and do the work in one place. Each member brought ten cents, and as the Safety Council numbered two hundred members they had twenty dollars for the purchase of necessary supplies. In addition there were of course many donations from the mothers' scrap bags, the children's toy boxes, and the family magazines.

Two weeks before the exhibition this plan was posted on the school bulletin board. Everybody read it, even Alec, and everybody — even Alec — felt a little thrill of pride.

PLAN OF EXHIBITS FOR THE BRYANT SCHOOL SAFETY COUNCIL EXHIBITION

1. POSTER CONTEST

Open to members of any school in the city.

Requirements: All the work must be done by the entrant.

The poster must tell something about safety. It must tell something *to do*, not something *not to do*.

Application for entrance must be filed with the poster committee the Friday before the exhibition.

Miss Cameron, adviser.

Prizes: First, \$10.00 (Mr. Seward)
 Second, 5.00 (Dr. Bruce)
 Third, 2.50 (Mrs. Gay)

2. CAREFUL HOUSE

To be built in the shop by Will Wallace and Jerry Jenkins. All the members of the Safety Council are asked to assist in the furnishing. Submit loans to Eloise Gray, Chairman, House Committee. Mr. Wallace, adviser.

3. SAFETY THEATER

To be built by the Manual Training Department.

Scenes and dolls by the Art Department. (Four members assigned to the committee by the department.)

Curtains by the Sewing Department.
(Two members assigned by the department.)

Story by a member of 8A English class.
(The best story submitted to be chosen.)

Figures to be operated by four members
of 8A class with alternates from 8B.
Miss Cramer, adviser.

4. SAFETY MAP OF BRYANT SCHOOL DISTRICT

Safety Zones marked white.

Danger Zones marked red.

Suggestions may be handed to Mary
Gay, Chairman, Map Committee.

5. CITY MAP

James Bruce, Chairman ; Police Department
coöperating. Doctor Bruce, Adviser.

6. SAND TABLES

From the Bryant School Kindergarten :
The street.
The playground.

7. SAFETY SCRAPBOOKS

First and Second Grades.

8. LITTLE LOOKOUT NEWS

Safety newspaper by the Third Grade.
Refer clippings to Miss Wildes, Adviser.

9. PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Willard Thorp, Elmer West, Isabel Layton.
Mrs. Bruce, Adviser.

While the work went on in the school, the program committee was having a busy time. Mrs. Bruce and Isabel were visiting the women's clubs and telling them about the exhibition. The boys were calling on representatives of the men's organizations, explaining the

plan and delivering very neat invitations. They were fortunate in securing speakers, and with Mrs. Bruce to advise them they made out this program, which they proudly posted.

SAFETY EXHIBITION

PROGRAM OF SPEECHES AND DEMONSTRATIONS

- Monday: 4:00 P.M. Safety for our City . . . Mr. Seward, for the Chamber of Commerce, Bureau of Safety
- 4:20 P.M. Safety Songs . . . Bryant School
- Tuesday: 4:00 P.M. Home Accidents as the Visiting Nurse Finds Them . . . Speaker from The Visiting Nurse Association
- 4:20 P.M. Street Crossing Drill . . . First-Grade Pupils
- Wednesday: 4:00 P.M. Demonstration of the Radio, with Some Warnings About Its Use . . . Mr. West
- Thursday: 4:00 P.M. What the Insurance Man Finds Out About Fire . . . Mr. Gray, for the Kiwanis Club
- 4:15 Safety Verses . . . Third Grade
- Friday: 4:00 P.M. What the Insurance Man Finds Out About Street and Motor Accidents . . . Mr. Thorp, for the Rotary Club
- 4:15 Playlet . . . Second Grade

Saturday: 10:00 to
 11:00 A.M. The Wise Owl . . . Play in the
 miniature theater
 Fifteen-minute demonstration
 meeting of the Safety Council
 Safety Songs
 2:00 to
 3:30 P.M. Safety Scout Play . . . The mini-
 ature theater
 Demonstration of Safety Court
 Safety Play . . . Seventh and
 Eighth Grades
 Drill . . . School Traffic Squad
 under Officer Ryan
 Presentation of Poster Awards
 Safety Songs

Then followed the names of the members of the Parent-Teachers Association who had volunteered to serve as patronesses and keep the room open during school hours so that other mothers and business men could visit the exhibition at their convenience.

"I'll say we have a good P-T A," remarked Elmer as he viewed the schedule with satisfaction.

"Well, the way Mrs. Bruce put it to them, they just couldn't stay away. Why, she made them so enthusiastic that we've had more volunteers than we need," Willard said. "Just the same, a lot of people may come, and it's a good plan to have plenty of explainers to show them around and tell them about things."

"Say, when are you going to have those explainers trained?" asked Jerry.

"Just as soon as the house is furnished we can start

in. But it'll all have to be done at the last minute so that they can see everything in place and know just how to tell other people about things."

"Who's going to train them?" asked Tom.

"Why, Mrs. Bruce, of course!" returned the committee in a chorus. "She knows a lot about safety."

Mary Gay and Jimmie started on a very important errand when they jumped into Doctor George's car on Tuesday. Before they became interested in safety education, they would have been impatient at the many waits for traffic; but now they sat quietly and watched the traffic officers with almost professional approval. Finally the car stopped before a large red brick building that had bars on some of the windows. They waited on the sidewalk for Doctor George to stop the engine and put on the brake; then they followed him through the big doors and into a room where a man in uniform sat at a big desk. Doctor George asked for the chief, and then they were taken up a flight of stairs to a very solemn and quiet office. The gray-haired man who sat behind the desk had a very stern look, but when he greeted Doctor George his face became much more pleasant, and when Mary Gay and Jimmie were introduced to him, he smiled and little crinkles came at the corners of his eyes.

"So you would like to see the accident map?" he inquired gravely, and Mary Gay and Jimmie responded, "Yes, sir," very politely. He led them through more offices, until they were so turned around that they had no idea where they were, and then stopped in a room full of books, charts, and big maps.

He led them to a large map on the wall, with red and black pins stuck into it, — red pins for non-fatal accidents and black pins for fatalities.

Mary Gay and Jimmie took out their little note books and pencils. It was clear that some places were much more dangerous than others; still, every once in a while there would be one red pin alone, or a black pin and no red pins at all near it. Mary Gay was timid about asking why that was so, but she didn't feel at all timid after the chief smiled at her and said heartily :

“Now that's a good question ! A street may be a safe one — as safe as any street can be safe — but some little child may run out unexpectedly in the path of a car, or something unusual may happen. In this case,” he pointed to a red pin at one side, “a man was making the turn too fast here, when a tire blew out.”

Then he named the corners where accidents occurred most frequently. He drew the end of his pencil along some of the streets where a number of coasting accidents and other winter accidents had happened, and gave them so much information that they had to write as fast as they could to keep up with him.

Then they went to a big shop and bought a map of the town that was just about as big square as Mary Gay was tall. Carefully they carried it from the car to the house, and there they mounted it on a big frame covered with burlap. They put it on a stool in the library and began the work of marking it. They put in little white pins to indicate safety zones and tiny red flags for dangerous places. Some of the flags had a



The toy theater for the safety play was a great success

T on them, which meant congested traffic, and others had a C, which meant a bad curve or crossing. A plain red flag indicated that there was need for care.

The week before the exhibition was an anxious one for the boys and girls in charge of the various committees. Some of the plans did not work out just as they had expected. For instance, the theater was all built and the scenes were painted when the art and building committee found that the two could not be put together. It was easier to change the back of the theater than to paint all the scenes again, so they had to make a special framework and mount the scene rollers on it. There were moments of discouragement when they wished they had listened to the boy who wondered if they could do anything so big. Nevertheless, they went ahead, changing, correcting, or adjusting the original plan to meet any difficulty. The advisers were a great help, and often the boys and girls would have been in serious difficulties if they had not had the assistance and interest of those older and more experienced.

The Saturday before the opening of the Central Safety Exhibition, with the advisers and the members of the P-T A who had volunteered to help, the children worked early and late. Will Wallace had much to do, for with the manual training teacher he put up the platform and did the carpenter work necessary to get things into place. To save space the platform had to be quite small. They found that it would not be big enough for drills or plays that required much room, but that it would do very nicely for the speakers, the plays, and a small demonstration of the safety court.

The play committee had a hard time at the last minute, for they had to wait until the theater was finished to make sure that they could work the little cardboard dolls right. Almost every class in the school had some representative on the committee for the theater or the play, and the operators and their alternates began practising as soon as the theater was set up.

As for the Careful House, every one had had a share in that. Will Wallace and Jerry Jenkins had made it, with a little fireplace and everything. It was different from any other dollhouse the children had ever seen, for it had only two outside walls — the front and back — so that people could see inside. Otherwise it was amazingly complete. The sewing class had made the curtains and little table covers and such things, and almost every dollhouse in the school district had been searched for suitable furnishings. Even little Amy Louise brought a tiny metal sewing machine that had been given her aunt as a favor at a party. She was so

afraid that she would break it that she carried it in a little jewelry box pinned in her pocket. When all the furniture had been brought in, Harriet Hills and Isabel Layton went to the shops and hunted for the things that were needed to teach completely the lesson of carefulness in the home. They had a hard time finding two things — tiny bottles and a very tiny carving knife. They found at the last minute a wee fruit set that had several knives, so they put some in the dining room and some in the kitchen. Mary Gay's mother had helped them word some labels, and Tom, who had a toy press, printed the labels on little cards, making them quite clear and easy to read. They chose some boys and girls to explain the points, too, because sometimes people don't stop long enough to read or understand signs.

The Friday before the opening Jimmie came home thoroughly tired out and much discouraged. Many posters had been submitted, and of those many more had passed the requirements than they had expected or allowed space for. Now the committee had no place to put the overflow, and simply did not know what to do. Miss Cameron was at her wits' end devising places for them, and only half of them had been hung.

"Of course, father," said Jimmie disconsolately, "we could take down our demonstration lessons and use that space. But even then it would not be enough."

"You mustn't take those lessons down," interposed his father hastily. "They are your most important exhibit. If you are really going to demonstrate how safety may be taught in the school, you must show that

it can be correlated with the regular school subjects without sacrificing either the value of the lesson or its interest."

For a while they both sat deep in thought.

"There just isn't any place for them," mourned Jimmie.

"Dear me," exclaimed his mother, coming into the room, "are you holding a Quaker meeting? You are so unnaturally quiet and serious. Do tell me, — have you been getting into mischief?" and she gave her husband's ear a gentle little tweak and ruffled her son's wayward red locks. Then she listened attentively to Jimmie's tale of the difficulty. "Couldn't they make standing frames in the shop?" she suggested.

Jimmie shook a dejected head. "There's more work for the manual training shop than it can turn out now — and they're going to work Saturday afternoon."

"But," insisted his mother, "there's usually a way, if one can only think of it. Now run and get ready for dinner, dear."

She pushed him gently toward the door. With a deep sigh Jimmie left the room and went upstairs.

When he returned a little later his face and hands spoke loudly of soap and water, and his hair was smooth and flat from water and much brushing. He did feel better for having cleaned up; still, under his shining exterior he felt that he carried a load of care and responsibility.

His father greeted him cheerfully and for a moment Jimmie resented what seemed to him undue levity on the part of an otherwise satisfactory parent.

“Dear,” said his mother, who had an uncanny knowledge of his thoughts, “father’s arranged it for you!”

Doubt gave way to relief as Jimmie studied the smiling faces of his father and mother, and before he had time to ask how, the explanation came.

“Why, father called up the president of the company and he was delighted to lend some screens they used to have for one of the drying processes. And tomorrow we’ll cover them with burlap, and we can put posters on both sides!”

Jimmie’s face lighted up like the darkness giving way to dawn, and he gave a sigh of relief.

Late on Saturday afternoon the arrangement committee left the exhibition room tired but very happy, for almost everything was in place and the few things remaining were to be taken care of by the ever helpful advisers and P-T A’s.

At last Monday came! The children pouring in from school inquired eagerly if there had been visitors. They were a little disappointed when they found that there had been only a few people, but they cheered up greatly when they heard that those few had been much impressed and had said that they would certainly tell their friends about the splendid exhibition.

A reporter from the morning paper came in, and Willard took her about, explaining the exhibits and telling of the work of the Council. Willard was naturally not used to being interviewed, and sometimes the reporter had to question him to get points clear. He was so full of his subject that his thoughts went in

leaps and bounds, and she frequently had difficulty in following him. However, she took many notes and as she was leaving asked permission to send the staff photographer to take pictures of some of the exhibits. Of course the permission was cheerfully given. When the photographer came, he was so interested in the work that the children had done that he had the officers of the Council line up on the platform while he took their pictures, too.

Late in the afternoon some of the poster contestants strolled in to see if their posters had been accepted. Otherwise, few people came in. At half-past five Jimmie and Willard locked the door. They felt anxious, but believed that the exhibition would be a success before the week was over. They were sure that many people would come after they had seen the pictures and read the report in the paper.

The boys were quite right about it, for each day brought larger and larger crowds. Some of the schools dismissed their classes a half hour earlier than usual to allow the children to attend. The explainers found that besides being busy explaining everything they had to keep a sharp eye out for the inquisitive ones who thought that they could not see the exhibits unless they touched them. This was especially true when the children were looking at the Careful House, the sand tables, or the theater. So Tom hurried home the third day and printed a number of signs saying "PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH," and put them where they could be easily seen.

Doctor George was right about the demonstration

lessons. They were a real attraction. There seemed always to be a group of teachers from other schools around them. In the afternoon many of the mothers and fathers looked at them. They wanted to know how safety was being taught.

Thursday Mr. Gordon led another principal over to see them.

"You think that you don't have time for safety work?" he asked, pointing to a neat paper showing a problem in percentage based on fire loss statistics. "We find it makes the ordinary school work more interesting, and it vitalizes the studies because it combines the principles the children must learn with the facts of real life."

Jerry, who happened to be passing by, overheard the remarks.

"Say," he whispered to Eloise, who stood near, "we'll have to look a long way before we find a better safety scout than Mr. Gordon. He's taken one of those doubtful principals over there and is just showing him what's what!"

"No, you're quite mistaken," Mr. Gordon was saying. "Safety education does not make children afraid. It helps them to gain a sense of values that will keep them from running wasteful risks. Look at this geography lesson—all about the protection of ships by light-houses; and this one—" indicating another carefully written sheet, "about the life saving service. They don't teach fear; they teach appreciation by giving reality to facts that are ordinarily just mentioned."

Each day the afternoon crowds increased, and Friday

the Chamber of Commerce came to the rescue and offered the Safety Council the use of their hall. So the theater committee packed up the properties for the plays, and with the demonstrations and the miniature theater moved to the hall two doors down the street. This meant putting notices in the newspapers. Ordinarily Willard and Isabel would have hesitated to go to the newspaper offices on any sort of business, but they had learned so much in the last few months that they were able to go to city editors and put their request with a businesslike directness which brought very satisfactory results.

Saturday the exhibition was crowded practically all day, and the hall was well filled for both morning and afternoon entertainments, which were very successful. Of course things did happen. One of the dolls came off the wire in the little theater right in the midst of the play, but Josephine just reached around and picked it up and put it back on and no one minded a bit. A little boy forgot his part in the play, but every one clapped generously because the little tots were so funny and attractive, no matter what they did.

The boys from other schools watched Officer Ryan put the "school cops" through their paces with an attention not unmixed with envy. Most of them felt that they would be willing to work, too, if they could win the armband and carry the traffic flag. A very few boasted that they'd not mind a school cop; but they were just talking, and secretly felt a little ashamed of their remarks.

The safety court was a great success. Tom was the

make-believe offender, and although he heard the boys in the audience giggling when the court opened, he never smiled a bit. But it made him sort of hurt inside to keep from doing it. He was surprised to find out afterward that Elmer and Jerry had felt the same way. And no one ever would have guessed it! He noticed that several men standing at the back of the room were much interested, and later when they came up to congratulate the judge and the court he found that they were lawyers.

Everywhere the Council members heard murmurs of "I wish we had something like this in our school," or "I think they must have lots of fun at the Bryant School." This last remark usually brought a grin to the face of any member who overheard it, for he or she knew how much real work had been put into the exhibition to make it a success. Still, they were glad to be the leaders and were proud of the results of their efforts.

Mr. Gordon awarded the prizes for the posters at the close of the afternoon entertainment. Esther Jones won the first prize and every one was glad, because she was the best painter in the Bryant School and had done a great deal of the painting on the dolls for the little theater. The second prize went to a boy in the West Field School, and the third to a girl in the Jefferson School. The judges agreed that, generally speaking, the posters entered were unusually well done for elementary school children's work.

So the exhibition crowned a period of real work and unselfish endeavor. Every one concerned felt that he

or she had learned something of value. They were all glad they had had the exhibition, but they were glad it was over, too! For once the children were ready to go to bed early, and nine o'clock Saturday night found practically every boy and girl in the Bryant School district far away in the Land of Nod.



When children play with matches, something disastrous is likely to happen

CHAPTER ELEVEN

A NEWSPAPER AND A MATCH

MARY GAY took a deep breath of fragrant spring air and pulled off her cap. It seemed good to have the air so mild and to feel the sun on her bare head. She slipped off her coat, too, and throwing it over her arm rejoiced in the first warm day of the season. She would have liked to linger by each budding bush and tree long enough to whisper a word of welcome, but she was on an errand and she had promised to return quickly. Some day soon perhaps mother would let her go on a picnic. She just loved pic—

But here her attention was attracted by the little figure of Jerry Green scuttling like a scared rabbit from behind the lilac bush and disappearing, a small streak

of blue, around the corner of the house. Then the shrill scream of a child pierced the air. Mary Gay saw little Roseanne by the lilac bush and darted through the open gate. Roseanne was tearing at the front of her dress where there were little flashes of flame. Hastily Mary Gay wrapped her coat around the child and forced her flat on the ground. With quick movements she smothered the creeping flames, crushing the shreds of burning cloth against the earth, between her hands, — any way to press them out. All the time the terrified child screamed shrilly, and although Mary Gay longed to comfort her, she did not stop her efforts for one breathless second.

Mrs. Green came running out just as Mary Gay with trembling hands lifted her coat from the burned child. With a cry of horror the mother snatched up Roseanne.

“Get a doctor — get a doctor!” she shrieked, looking desperately about. Some one answered, and with staggering footsteps she carried the child into the house.

Strangely as if by magic, the yard had filled with people. Some one was shouting that the doctor would be sent for, or was on the way, and every one was giving directions. It seemed hours to Mary Gay since she had turned in at that gate, and yet every one was exclaiming how quickly it had happened.

Mary Gay shook out her coat and little burnt shreds fell from it. She tucked it under her arm and wiped her eye with the back of her hand. Then she slipped through the gate and went down the street. She felt tired and uncomfortable. The palms of her hands smarted. Blindly she turned towards home.

Her mother, glancing out of the window, was surprised to see her little daughter stumbling up the steps. Fearing that something might be wrong, she rushed to the door. Mary Gay stood in the doorway with tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Dear, what is the matter?" exclaimed her mother in amazement.

Two little trembling hands, red and covered with blisters, were held out and a quavering voice said, "It hurts, mother, it hurts more and more."

"You're burned!" the startled mother exclaimed, as she drew her little daughter into the room. "How did it happen?"

But even before Mary Gay could answer she was in a big chair, while her mother ran for some carron oil to put on the burns, and telephoned for Uncle George only to find that he had gone on an emergency call.

"Tell him to come over as soon as he can — Mary Gay is burned."

"Tell mother what happened," she asked, stroking the dark hair, as she held the child close.

"Jerry and Roseanne must have been playing with paper and matches." A twinge of pain caused Mary Gay to move her head against her mother's shoulder. "I heard a terrible scream, and I ran into the yard, and it was Roseanne with little flames creeping up the front of her dress. So I wrapped her up in my coat and beat them out even if she did scream, mother. I felt awfully mean, but I couldn't help it. And then the next thing I knew the yard was full of people. So I came away." She moved her hands a little restlessly.

"I'm so tired, mother, I wish Uncle Doctor would come."

At the Greens' house the soothing murmurs of the mother and the sobs of the baby mingled with the whispering of the neighbors. Outside, friends were talking about it and strangers stopped to ask what had happened. Doctor Bruce arrived and with a brief nod went into the house. A little hush followed him. Some of the neighbors returned to their homes while others waited, hoping they might be of help.

Little Jerry Green sat forlornly on the back steps. No one cared about him. Through the upstairs window came the steady sobbing of Roseanne, with now and then a heart-breaking scream. Jerry didn't know what to do or where to go. He wondered why all the people were in the house anyway, just standing around and talking and talking, making him feel lost and bewildered in his own home.

So Jerry slipped quietly off the steps, looking over his shoulder to be sure that no one was following. The murmur of voices still could be heard plainly, and now and then his name was mentioned. Unobserved he fled down the back walk over the uneven bricks. Once he slipped and fell, but he climbed up again and sobbing under his breath went on, past the garage and on to the alley that led to the street. He didn't know where he was going. He just knew he wanted to get away from Roseanne's sobbing and those strange people talking there. And so he went on and on from one new street to another, dazed and not caring.

Upstairs in the children's bedroom, Roseanne's cries

of fright and pain were softened from time to time as Doctor George's skillful hands applied cooling dressings and bandaged them into place. Sometimes she tossed her head from side to side as she cried out sharply. Patiently her mother knelt beside the bed, stroking the tangled yellow hair as she murmured brokenly, "Mother's baby — mother's poor baby!" Sometimes she turned away to hide the tears in her own eyes. Tenderly she held the little head and shoulders up while the doctor spread the comforting dressing on the little chest which heaved with broken sobs.

"You're a great little lady," said the doctor, showing the mother how to support the shoulder. "See, I'm going to put a fine jacket on you," and he wound the bandage lightly over the chest and arms.

Then he poured something into a glass. "See the pretty drink I've made for you?" He held it to the child's lips. "Drink it all for Doctor George," and obediently the child drank.

"I'll look in tonight." The doctor put his queer little bandage scissors in their appointed place, corked his bottles carefully, and put them away. His keen glance rested on the pale face of the anxious mother. "Very soon she will take a little nap, and then I advise you to get some rest, for you will have a good deal of careful nursing to do and you want to keep yourself fit for it. You can be thankful that she is not disfigured, and that none of the surfaces are large."

Then picking up his hat and coat, with a reassuring smile he left, determining to find out from other sources how it had happened.

Downstairs a group of women stood talking in low voices. When they saw him they turned expectantly.

"Roseanne is burned in a number of places," he answered their questioning eyes in his quiet way, "but the surfaces are small. We need to take great care and protect the mother," he emphasized the word 'mother' slightly, "and the child. It is possible that they may both have severe reaction from the shock. By the way, do any of you know how it happened?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Smith, who lived next door. "I think that Jerry must have got hold of some matches. They were down by the lilac bush on the other side of the steps, Doctor, lighting papers, I think. We don't know just what happened, except there was a terrible screaming and we all came."

"Well?" queried the doctor.

Mrs. Smith looked around — tried to remember details to add to this meager information. "When I arrived — I was the first — Mrs. Green had already started back to the house with her. There was some burnt paper blowing across the lawn, I think."

"Who was with the child?" asked the doctor.

"Why, there was the little girl and Jerry. And Mary Gay was standing near. I guess that's all. It all happened so quickly."

"Mary Gay!" exclaimed the doctor, more to himself than to any one else, and he walked quickly towards his car. He settled down behind the wheel, and starting his engine drove directly home. Over and over his mind ran the thought, "Mary Gay knows better than to play with fire. But I wonder what she was

doing there.” He parked the car in front of his own gate, went across the street to his sister’s house, and opening the door walked in.

“I’m so glad you have come,” said his sister with a sigh of relief, as she held the little bandaged hands toward him. Instantly it was clear to him just what had happened.

Very gently Doctor George unwrapped the bandages. “Mary Gay, you will be glad to know that Roseanne is not so badly burned as she might have been if you had not come along. We’re pretty proud of our brave girl, aren’t we?”

He smiled at her mother, who gave the child a little squeeze of appreciation and looked up at her brother, pride mixed with anxiety in her glance.

“Tell me, Mary Gay, just what happened. At the house every one was so excited that I couldn’t get any real information.”

“Mother sent me on an errand,” Mary Gay told him hesitatingly. “It was hot, and I had just taken my coat off. But wasn’t it lucky, because when I heard the screaming and saw the flames I could throw my coat right on, just the way you told us to do.”

“You’re a fine pupil,” said Uncle George, his eyes twinkling. “People are often too much frightened or confused to remember to do the thing they have been told to do. But where did the matches come from? —to return to the subject of interest.”

“I don’t know, but little Jerry must have got them, and he had Roseanne holding down a piece of newspaper with a stick while he was lighting it. I guess that’s

what happened. There wasn't much wind, but Roseanne isn't very big and it didn't take much to blow the newspaper right over against her dress. I saw them, but I didn't know what they were doing until I heard the scream and saw the flame. I'm sorry for Jerry," said Mary Gay. "He must have felt terribly scared and ashamed. And he really isn't so very big, you know. He's only five."

The telephone rang, and Mary Gay's mother answered it. "It's for you," she said, turning to the doctor. "They can't find Jerry and want to know if you have seen him."

And so the search began, every one in Jerry's home hunting frantically for him, while along the street the news flew as one woman called to another across garden fences, "Have you seen Jerry?"

Gradually the whole neighborhood became alarmed. Everybody wondered what had happened to him. The few friends who had stayed at the house to help Mrs. Green tried to recall when they had last seen him, or what had been said at the time of the accident.

As for Jerry, he had no thought of them or their fears. He had walked and walked and walked. And now he stopped to rest. He was so tired that his fear had died down. He sank down in a little heap in the dirt, only to be frightened by a terrible rumbling that made him cower and cover his head with his arm.

How he happened to have found his way to the edge of town is something no one will ever know, but there he was, — miserable, dirty, and hopelessly forlorn, a pathetic figure under the railroad trestle. Another

train rumbled over his head with its terrifying roar and Jerry, with his grimy hands held tightly against his eyes, pressed close to the earth, which seemed to shake with the terrible rumbling. It seemed that he would never have courage to look up again, so putting his face on his arm he lay still, whimpering. Little by little he grew quiet, for weariness asserted itself and even in his terror he went to sleep.

After quite a while a soft, wet nose was pushed against his face. Then there were little barks of pleasure. Jerry sat up, rubbing his eyes and further streaking his tear-stained face.

“Dime!” With a little sob of surprise and joy he put his arms around the harsh, scrubby neck just as Alec, whistling cheerfully, rounded a pillar supporting the trestle. Alec stopped short in the middle of a whistled note.

“Gee, kid, what are you doing here?” he asked in amazement.

Jerry looked at him, relief struggling with his utter fatigue and dejection. “I’m hungry.” His lips quivered, as the most gnawing of his miseries came to his mind. “I want to go home!” Then memory came back with terrific force and he wailed.

“Gee, kid!” Squatting down, Alec peered at Jerry. “What’s the matter with you?” Then as Jerry’s face puckered again with threatened tears Alec added hastily, “Sure I’ll take you home.” He helped the wayfarer to his feet.

Manfully Jerry tried to walk along, but he was so tired that he could hardly put one foot in front of the

other. Alec, shifting his fishing pole and bait, lifted Jerry in his arms, while Dime circled around with barks of approval. After a short distance, Alec found Jerry's sturdy little body quite a load. Progress became slow and painful. There were frequent stops for rest and readjustment. Even Dime's spirits began to flag and he stayed close to their heels.

"I guess I'll have to leave this." Alec fingered his fishing pole regretfully. He dropped down beside Jerry, who sat huddled on the curb and regarded the pole lovingly. "Guess I'll hide it." He sighed, looking inquiringly around. Then a bright idea struck him; he jumped up and ran to a tree and placed his treasured pole among the branches.

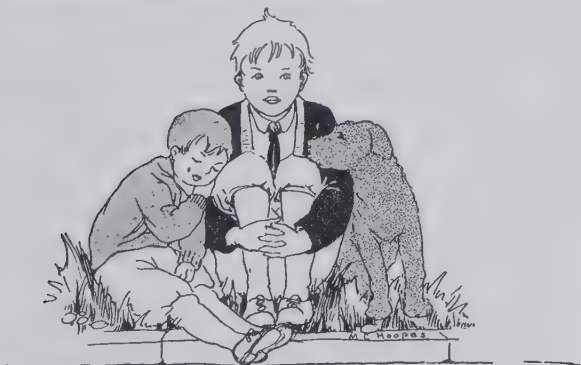
"Say, kid, why'd you run away?" he asked, as he sat on the curb, glad to have a brief period of rest.

Jerry blinked sleepy eyes at his rescuer.

"Sister got burned."

"Burned! How?"

"Matches and paper. I'm hungry."



Jerry and Alec and Dime were too tired to go on

Again Jerry's miseries threatened to swamp him and he began to snifle.

"Where'd you get the matches?"

"Found them." Jerry leaned a drowsy head against Alec's arm.

"Where?"

"Sitting room table."

"People ought not to leave matches around where little kids can find them," muttered Alec. Then he shook the drowsy child. "Set anything on fire?"

"Newspaper," Jerry mumbled.

"Don't you know better than that? It's not safe!" Alec found himself using the hated term quite easily. "Children have no business to play with dangerous things — matches!" He spoke quite severely, but Jerry's five-year-old mind was not concerned with a safety lecture. "You're sorry?" Alec asked. Jerry nodded drowsily.

Dime drew near and rested his head on Alec's knee. He thought it was time to go home, but he simply sighed and snuggled closer. They sat there quietly for a few minutes, a forlorn trio huddled on the curb.

"You won't play with matches again, will you?"

Alec's voice was stern, but Jerry slept on unimpressed.

"Jerry!" He shook the child, whose only response was to dig his dirty little fists into sleepy eyes as short sobbing breaths shook him. Alec gave up the lecture with a sigh. He finally managed to get the child on his feet and with a word to Dime the weary march home continued. Alec found that to make Jerry walk

he simply had to drag him, for to carry him was even harder ; so progress was slow and difficult.

The twilight had become dark as they turned into the home street. Slowly they trudged along. As he passed his own gate, Alec instinctively turned and felt dismayed that he could not go in. Through the bay window in the dining room he saw his mother and big sister clearing off the table, and his father reading in a comfortable chair by the light. There swept over him a sense of homesickness and regret akin to that of his small charge.

At Jerry's home, Mrs. Smith turned from the telephone. "They say he isn't there. You'd better drink your tea, Mrs. Green." Then she added encouragingly, "We'll find him asleep in some garden or some place like that."

As the weary trio turned in at the front gate, Mr. Green spied the children. He was just returning from his fourth search in the garage and toolhouse. With tremendous relief he caught up his son and carried him into the house. Many were the exclamations as the door opened and the wanderers came in.

"Where did you find him?" they asked. Then they piled Alec with questions which he could answer only confusedly.

Mrs. Smith hurried to the kitchen and brought in warm food from the oven, but Alec declined it and hastily backed out of the house, frightened to find himself the center of so much interest and comment. Like Jerry, he was hungry ; but he wanted food in his own home.



They used the flashlight, instead of a candle, to light the way up the dark winding stairs

CHAPTER TWELVE

SHOWERS AND SURPRISES

MARY GAY pressed her little face anxiously against the window pane and softly sang to herself.

“Rain, rain, go away,
Come again some other day.”

Old Mr. Jupiter Pluvius paid no attention to her plea. So she tried again.

“Rain, rain, go to Spain,
And never, never come again.”

It looked as if all the clouds in the sky had burst and were trying to see which one could pour down the most water. It was most discouraging until she caught sight of Jimmie coming in at the gate.

"Hello, Jimmie!" she called through the rain-dashed window, and ran to open the door for him as he came up the path with dripping poncho. She was certainly glad to see him. It was very tiresome just staying at home with her hands all done up in big bandages and hurting part of the time. Although she had the nicest mother in the world, she had been lonesome. Besides, when one is so restless and uncomfortable it is hard to know what to do with one's self.

Jimmie tramped through the house to the back porch, where he hung his poncho. Mary Gay followed him, talking eagerly the while.

"See!" she cried, exhibiting her bandaged hands. "I've three fingers out here and almost my whole left hand here."

Jimmie regarded them closely.

"Gee! That hurt, didn't it?"

"Oh, not so very much," Mary Gay returned rather airily.

"Well, you cried —"

"You'd have cried, too —" she retorted indignantly.

"Well — anyway —"

Jimmie realized that he was not very tactful. He felt that Mary Gay had done a wonderful thing, but he didn't like to have her act superior. Besides, it did hurt. As for crying — his father said men sometimes cried when they were in great pain.

Mary Gay's mother came in with her sewing and Jimmie turned to her, bristling with importance.

"When do you think Mary Gay can go to school, Aunt Elizabeth?" he asked. His aunt smiled.

"Your father will have to settle that," she answered. Then, noting his seriousness, she added, "He discontinued the wet dressing yesterday and took off some of the bandage today, and more will come off tomorrow. I feel quite sure that she can go back on Monday morning."

At this Jimmie, who was standing where Mary Gay could not see him, gave a most astonishing wink!

"Evidently Jimmie has something to tell me that he does not wish Mary Gay to hear," Aunt Elizabeth thought, so she smiled understandingly at him and said nothing.

"Do you think it will ever stop raining?" Mary Gay asked.

"Nope," said Jimmie cheerfully, wondering how he could manage to speak to his aunt without arousing Mary Gay's curiosity.

"I wish I could find something nice and interesting to do," Mary Gay sighed wearily.

Jimmie mumbled, "Hm-m. So do I."

"Should you like a good rainy day game?" asked Mary Gay's mother. "One I played when I was a little girl?"

Instantly they were interested, and came to her chair eagerly.

"Then," she continued, "you might go up in the attic, and over in the corner by the chimney you'll find a large trunk. Just lift the lid and take out the first tray — then —" the children were hanging on each word — "you'll find —" she paused to fasten the thread in her sewing — "some clothes. You may use any of them you wish."

"Dress-up, mother," Mary Gay's voice was joyful. Her mother nodded, and there was a bit of a twinkle in her eye when she caught Jimmie's disappointed expression.

"Oh, come on!" and Mary Gay's enthusiasm carried Jimmie along in spite of his reluctance.

"Sure," he mumbled, but he hung back while she went ahead.

When she was out of hearing he leaned over his aunt's chair and whispered hurriedly, "I'll tell them, Monday. They've got it already, and you must come too for —"

"Come on, Jimmie," called Mary Gay from the top of the stairs.

"I'm coming," drawled her cousin. Then he whispered over his shoulder as he walked away, "Monday — nine o'clock — don't tell her!"

His aunt smiled at his retreating back. He had not told her what not to tell Mary Gay! Bless his heart, he was so full of it that he did not realize that she had no idea what he was talking about.

"Dressing up as grown-ups," Jimmie muttered, pretending annoyance to hide his secret elation. "That's girl's play."

Nevertheless, he was glad for anything to do. And besides, his mother had sent him over to amuse Mary Gay!

The attic stairs were dim and they felt their way along gingerly until they reached the top. The bulb hanging by a long cord swayed from his touch, casting light in some spots and drawing shadows out of others. There is a fascination about an attic on a dark day. It seems

so weird and unfamiliar. Patter, patter! came the rain over their heads as they stood looking about, a little reluctant to go beyond the bright circle of light.

There among the shadows by the chimney was the trunk, just as Mary Gay's mother had told them. It was a big leather one. Years of service had battered and marred it. To Mary Gay and Jimmie it was just a big old trunk. They did not know that it had made its first trip on a Mississippi River steamboat — quite an important journey for them, too, because it was the bridal trip of their great-grandparents.

"My, it's old!" Jimmie eyed it inquiringly.

"This is a spooky spot," shivered Mary Gay, looking at the big shadow that wavered in a dark corner. "You could play pirates or anything here, couldn't you?"

"Pirates!" exclaimed Jimmie. "Let's have a show — you know — this is a desert island," he gestured, "that shadow's a rock, and the trunk is a chest half buried in the sand. We have come for the treasure —"

"Bang — bang!" Mary Gay called sharply, catching Jimmie quite unawares.

"What?" he exclaimed as he turned to her in surprise.

"Why," she returned loftily, "they left a pirate to guard the chest — and I just killed him!"

"Come on, comrade!" hissed Jimmie.

Cautiously they approached the chest. Other pirates might be seeking treasure too. They reached it safely. They possessed it! Out came the trunk, up went the cover, and with a tug the tray was removed.

A crimson dress that Mary Gay's mother had worn in the evenings a long time ago greeted them cheerfully. A black dress, sleek and shiny, and a green one snuggled together at one end. And hats! There were hats with feathers and hats with ribbons, and trailing scarfs too. Indeed it was a regular treasure trunk!

Mary Gay regarded them thoughtfully. Then she selected the green dress. Jimmie helped to fasten it, which was quite a task. Then she put on a hat with a drooping feather. The green dress trailed gracefully after her and the feathered hat perched pertly over one eye. She made a ceremonious bow to Jimmie, who regarded her with interest.

"My, you look great, Mary Gay," he chuckled, ready to follow her lead, his disdain forgotten. He dove into the treasure box and pulled out a suit of his uncle's, a hat, and to complete the costume, a cane, which he hung over his arm as carelessly as its length would allow.

No longer pirates, they were now lady and gentleman of fashion.

Jimmie shoved the trunk into its place. They were ready to go visiting in style. So down the stairs they went, Mary Gay's skirts swishing and rustling, Jimmie's cane bumping along the steps.

They were just showing off their elegant attire when "B-r-r!" went the door bell. With his hat over his eyes, his collar hiding his chin and his cane on his arm, Jimmie opened the door, and there stood Marjory and Tom.

When Mary Gay heard the laughter, she ran to the door to greet the visitors.

"How do you do, Miss Marjory, and Mr. Tom, too?" she mimicked grandly, and she led them to the kitchen where they spread their wet coats over chairs to dry.

Marjory and Tom wanted to dress up too. They wanted to see what they could find in the treasure trunk. Merrily they all started up the stairs to the "desert isle." But it was dark on the attic stairs, as they felt a cautious way along the winding wall.

"Can't we get a candle?" Marjory asked.

"No," answered Mary Gay, "let's get a flash light. There's one on father's table, Jimmie."

That was even more fun! Jimmie went ahead to show the way with a bright streak of light, until the attic and the bulb on the long swaying cord could be reached.

"We're not going to carry matches around," said Mary Gay, regarding her hands ruefully. "It doesn't take long to get burned, but it takes a long time to get well."

The children examined her still bandaged hands critically.

"Even now it pulls and feels queer to do this," and she spread her fingers out cautiously.

"Yes, and it's easier and quicker to burn a house down than to build one up," put in Jimmie. Marjory and Tom appreciated the wisdom in his remark and nodded in grave agreement.

There were still treasures in the big trunk. Marjory almost disappeared over its side in an effort to pursue an elusive bit of color to its depths. At last she came up red and panting. "I'm going to wear this!" she

exclaimed, winding a long orange and yellow scarf about her neck.

"How do you like this?" Jimmie whirled his cane to assume an elegant pose and knocked Marjory's hat off.

"Take care!" called Tom as Marjory hastened to retrieve her headgear. "That's dangerous."

"Sorry, Marjory," murmured Jimmie, flushing with embarrassment.

Quickly the minutes flew by as they gave impromptu shows or danced about, laughing and calling over the patter of the rain.

Once when they were dancing around Tom caught Mary Gay's hand and hurt it. Tears came to her eyes, but she did not say a word.

"Let's play some quieter games," Jimmie suggested.

"Some sort of guessing game," added Tom, feeling concerned but not knowing what to do.

"Make up a guessing game about safety," exclaimed Marjory.

"No, let's play a sort of game where we take turns naming something to be careful about," put in Mary Gay.

"And if you can't name something quick you lose your turn," interrupted Tom.

Eager to try the new game, they hastily began removing their borrowed finery, Marjory folding it while Jimmie replaced it carefully in the trunk. Then down the stairs they went and into the kitchen, where they would have many suggestions, because many accidents occur in that part of a house.

"Now, we'll each have a turn," said Mary Gay. "You go first, Jimmie. And we'll have a minute to think of something."

Jimmie glanced around hurriedly for an idea.

"Don't lean out of the open window, or you may fall and break your head," he cried, spying the open window.

"Don't put things on the open window sill or they may fall out and break some one else's head," hurled Tom, who wasn't to be outdone by Jimmie.

"Your turn, Marjory," Mary Gay hailed.

Marjory looked about in search of a suggestion. S—s, s—s, what's that noise? The teakettle, of course.

"Oh, I know," she bubbled excitedly. "Watch out for steam, because it burns."

"Never leave boiling water on the edge of the stove, because some one is likely to be scalded," Mary Gay retorted rapidly, following up the idea.

"Don't leave a pail of hot water on the floor, for some one may tumble in and get a boiling bath." It was Jimmie's turn again.

Tom looked at the ceiling, wall, and floor. "Always remember to wipe up grease from the floor, or some one may slip."

Marjory's glance traveled to the stove.

"Never turn on the gas," she said, pointing to the stove. "I can't think of what you call those things."

"Oh," Jimmie answered, "those are stopcocks."

"Don't climb a ladder unless you are sure it is very firm," Mary Gay exclaimed, hardly waiting for her turn.

"And don't walk under it," Jimmie added, "or you may have something from above come down below."

This was certainly a jolly game. Tom's turn again. My, but a fellow had to think fast. Almost everything had been taken, it seemed to him.

"Bottles, bottles, bottles," he murmured, as his eyes rested on a row of bottles on the kitchen shelf. If he didn't think of an idea in a minute he lost his turn, and that would be a terrible disgrace. He was in a tight corner — then, "Always look on the bottle to see what it says or you may take something that will make you sick," he sang out.

"Remember not to touch a bottle with a skull and bones on it as it is poison," Marjory responded unhesitatingly.

Tom in his turning about had knocked against the rocking-chair and it was swinging rhythmically.

"Don't stand on a rocker or you may fall." It was Mary Gay's turn.

Jimmie, fumbling in his pocket, felt his knife. Here was a thought.

"Be careful of sharp knives," he said. "You have to be very careful how you handle a thing like this," he added, fondly stroking his boy-scout knife.

The telephone rang, and Mary Gay's mother called to her.

Mary Gay ran to find out what was wanted. She tripped on Marjory's coat, which had been thrown over the chair and trailed slightly on the floor.

"You even have to remember to be careful when you

are playing," came a small voice from the floor as she picked herself up.

"Mary Gay, it's almost six o'clock and Marjory's mother wants her to start for home," called her mother.

Was it possible — six o'clock! The time had simply flown. Playing "Safety" was fun.

Tom shouted from the bottom step of the porch, "I'll beat you playing safety next rainy day."

Jimmie, whirling an imaginary cane and twirling an imaginary moustache called after him, "We'll see about that!"

"We'll see you at school at assembly Mon—" began Marjory, but Tom caught her by the arm and pulled her along while he shouted, "Goodby! Goodby!" for fear that she might forget and tell something that should be a secret.

Monday morning Mary Gay, in the new school dress her mother had just made her and with neat fresh bandages on her right hand, went to school at a quarter to nine. She did not know that very shortly afterward her mother, Doctor George, and her Aunt Alida followed. They met her father in Mr. Gordon's office and then went to the assembly room.

Mary Gay was amazed and puzzled when she marched with her class into the assembly and saw the visitors sitting in seats at the back of the room. They were talking to Mr. Green, who had several people with him.

Mr. Gordon invited Mr. Green to come to the platform, and assembly began. The whole school stood and sang "America," pledged allegiance, and saluted the

flag. Then Mr. Gordon announced that, as most of the children knew, this was a special assembly and he would now turn the meeting over to the Council officers. Willard Thorp and Isabel Layton came forward, spoke to Mr. Gordon and Mr. Green, and took charge of the meeting. Very formally Willard addressed them.

“Members of the Bryant School Safety Council, teachers, and guests: We are here for a special occasion — to honor one of our members who has been an honor to our school. Mr. Green of the Kiwanis Club will make the presentation of the special merit award which his organization has generously offered for acts of true courage. Mr. Green.”

Willard bowed to Mr. Green and then took his chair at the back of the platform.

“Members of the Bryant School Safety Council, teachers, and guests: When Mr. Gordon and Doctor Bruce came to our organization with the plan of a safety council for your school we agreed to assist in any way we could, because we thought it a good idea. We never dreamed then how far-reaching the results might be.”

Mary Gay in the sixth row from the front began to stir uneasily. She could feel the other children looking at her, and it made her uncomfortable.

“When I was selected to make the presentation of the gold star today,” his voice grew a little husky, “to Mary Gay —” and at that moment one heart in the sixth row gave a distinct and very queer flop — “my own feeling was so intense, my appreciation so great, that I was almost afraid that I should not be able to do



The gold star for heroism was presented to Mary Gay]

it. On the other hand, I was proud to be chosen the one to do it. Mary Gay —”

Some one nudged her. “Go on up,” the children near her whispered. Mary Gay had a queer feeling in her knees, so she just sat still with her heart beating as hard as if she had run up a long hill.

Willard Thorp motioned for her to come forward. She rose a little shakily and made her way to the platform and up the steps.

“Mary Gay,” Mr. Green addressed her, “on behalf of the Kiwanis Club I award you the gold star for heroism.” He pinned the star on her dress, then he took her hands and held them carefully in his own. “And as a father who owes his child’s life to you,” his voice shook and Mary Gay, looking up into his face,

saw his eyes full of tears, "as a father," he repeated, "I want to thank you with all my heart." And he raised first the bandaged hand and then the other one and kissed them gently.

There was a moment's hush and Mary Gay saw first Mr. Green and then the assembly room through a blur of tears.

"Thank you," she whispered, grateful and frightened. Then she started to leave the platform, and that broke the spell. The whole room burst out in joyous singing :

Mary Gay, Mary Gay !
Hurrah for Mary Gay !
Who's all right ?
She's all right.
Hurrah for Mary Gay !



"Go get it, Dime!" Alec ordered

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

POOR DIME!

ALEC sat on the hillside and watched a couple of robins having an animated discussion in an old apple tree. Perhaps they were talking about a certain limb, or maybe some crotch, that had or had not suited their fancy as a site for their new house. At any rate, they chattered noisily and knowingly.

Dime snuggled a cold nose against his cheek and Alec, putting an arm around him, held him close. "Dime, good old feller," he murmured, rubbing his cheek against the dog's soft ear. "Lonesome, Dime?" Dime crowded closer. Absentmindedly his master stroked him.

Alec stared moodily before him. He had been thinking, and thinking hard, too, as he sat on the hill-

side watching the birds and stroking Dime's rough coat. The Safety Council was the subject of his thoughts, — that and his own behavior. He stirred restlessly, and for the hundredth time he said to himself, "No, I won't do it — I just won't back down like that." Two thoughts like inseparable companions had been in his mind for some time. They were, "I wish I had," and "But I won't do it — no, not now!"

Alec's difficulty was that in the beginning he had thought the Safety Council would interfere with his freedom and take all the fun out of life, and so he had promptly defied it. Then he saw it begin to operate. He realized, slowly at first but surely, that it really did put a lot of fun and interest into life. Having started to be a scoffer and a jeerer he couldn't find a stopping place, so — he just had to keep on going! Then he had thought he could make things interesting and amuse himself by causing as much trouble for the others as possible. And so he took advantage of every opportunity to show his indifference — rather, his contempt — for their code of carefulness. In the beginning there was a certain amount of excitement in it, but after a while it all seemed stupid. He found that instead of being impressed by his daring his mates only regarded him as a troublesome problem that they must deal with as best they could.

And how he hated being left out of things! When he was put on traffic duty for punishment he really enjoyed it. He knew that Officer Ryan had a frequent eye on him; he hated to have all the kids know why he did not have an armband like the other cops — but

he did like the job and was sorry when his time was up. He knew that they had assigned him to the work just because they wanted him to see that he would enjoy being in it. So he wouldn't acknowledge that he liked it.

Alec's arm tightened around Dime, and for the one hundred and oneth time he wished he had gone in as John did, right off the bat! If he could only go in now! But swiftly came the other thought, "No. I won't back down — and that settles it!"

In his absorption he spoke out loud and Dime, ever companionable, cocked his ears and looked inquiringly, his head on one side. Alec had been pleased when they commended him for bringing Jerry Green home. That did give a fellow a good feeling. But he didn't acknowledge it — you bet he didn't!

Across the brook and over another little hill, Mary Gay, Marjory, Tom, and Jimmie were exploring. They were looking for flowers and all the other unexpected and mysterious things that come with spring. The hills and fields rolled out before them like a giant's patchwork quilt with spots of soft new green combined with strips of the brown, velvet-like ploughed earth. Tom's eyes returned from the distant landscape to the place where they stood.

"No flowers here," he said, but just then Jimmie spied one.

"Don't pick it!" Mary Gay's hand tugged at his arm as he reached for the frail blue blossom.

"Why not?" and Jimmie's eyes flashed as he grabbed it and tore it from the ground.

"There, you've torn it up root and all." Mary Gay eyed him with disdain. "Don't you know we've no right to pick them except where lots are growing? Some have to be left to make seed for next year."

"It's hard to think about next year," commented Marjory, regarding the plant and its fine brown roots that drooped from Jimmie's hand.

"But to pull up a plant by the roots —"

"Oh, well," said Tom, siding with Jimmie, "one won't matter."

"I don't care," mumbled Jimmie turning his back on the girls and walking away. But he did care. He knew Mary Gay was right and that very fact made him angry with her.

"Well, you ought to care," Mary Gay flung after him, still righteously indignant.

"We'll be careful after this," said Marjory. "You're right, we ought to think of next year."

With peace restored they went along making discoveries, joyfully showing them to one another as they flitted about for all the world like talkative young robins.

As they rounded the edge of a hill a puff of wind caught Marjory's hat and carried it, bouncing and rolling, down the hill and into the wide deep brook. Laughing the children ran after it and followed along the water's edge trying to reach it. Always it was just beyond their finger-tips! Jimmie broke off a long branch and tried to bring it near enough for Tom to reach, but still it eluded them.

"Why don't you go in and get it?" said a voice from

the other side, and there stood Alec with Dime beside him.

"The water's too deep," said Jimmie.

"It's a little too early for a swim," said Tom with a shiver.

"Well," Alec boasted, "it isn't too deep for Dime, or too cold either. Dime will get it for you."

Dime looked at his master. He was not yet full grown. His feet were still a little too big for his legs, and his stiff coat had not decided how much like an Airedale's it might become, but from his stumpy tail that wagged on the slightest provocation to his really fine head he loved his master. With alert eyes, his silky ears cocked in an almost humorous fashion, he awaited Alec's order. He knew every inflection of his master's voice and could read the expressions of his face, so he half-sat, wagging his tail, ready for the next word.

"Go get it, Dime!" And without more ado, Dime splashed into the water.

The girls gave a series of little squeaks as the water flew in all directions. They all watched with breathless interest Dime's struggle to get hold of the hat's brim. The hat, as if it feared Dime's teeth more than the water, seemed to make an effort to keep out of his reach. Finally he circled around it so that the current would bring it to him, and then as it floated by, with a quick motion he grasped it and came struggling to the bank. He laid the hat at Alec's feet, looked at him knowingly, and shook himself, sending a shower of water in all directions.

“Hurrah for Dime!” shouted the delighted audience on the opposite bank.

“But how am I going to get it?” queried Marjory as she eyed the wide deep brook dubiously.

“Come on down to the bridge,” Alec returned shortly.

They started along the edge of the water, pausing now and then to admire some delicate spring beauty.

“Oh, I want that one,” cried Marjory reaching for a lovely yellow bell.

“Watch out,” exclaimed Jimmie, “can’t you see that poison ivy near it?”

“Poison ivy?” and Marjory’s round eyes searched in vain for anything dangerous looking in their neighborhood.

“I mean the russet plant with shiny leaves growing in threes, and the little cluster of green blossoms,” explained Jimmie. “And the edges aren’t notched or indented — whatever you call it — they’re just plain and even,” he added, illustrating with his finger.

“I never stop for poison ivy,” said Alec, walking on the other side. “I walk right through it when I want to.”

But Jimmie, Tom, Mary Gay, and Marjory had no intention of taking any chances. They walked carefully around it.

When they reached the bridge Alec said ungraciously, “Here’s your hat.” Then he went stalking off abruptly, making a great show of indifference. He pretended that he had no use for girls. Perhaps if the truth were known he was just a little bit afraid of them and that was why he behaved that way.

Over the hills went Alec with Dime at his heels, looking for bugs and beetles, birds or rabbits, — they'd look for such things, not flowers.

“Look at this,” he told Dime, holding on his hand a many-legged creature that he had found under a stone. “I'd like to count this feller's legs.”

But Dime wasn't interested. His ears were alert, his sensitive nose was twitching, his shiny eyes were looking at something intently. Alec put down the queer bug and placed the stone over it again. “What is it?” he questioned, putting his head close to Dime's. Then in a whisper he said, “Go get him!”

Instantly Dime was off, with Alec hard on his heels. Over the hill they went and down the other side, while ahead of them flew a terrified rabbit. They were rapidly approaching a road that wound around the hill, half hidden where it curved abruptly along a deep cut in the hillside. The rabbit reached the road, took the leap head on, the dog followed. Both dropped out of sight, while Alec ran panting after them.

The throb of a motor, the screech of brakes, came to Alec, sharp, sudden, unexpected! There were voices exclaiming, the grinding of a clutch, a puff of dust. A car disappeared around a curve, having slackened its speed very little. Alec stood still for a breathless second. His throat thumped as if his heart had lodged there. Dimly he saw through the dusty air a dark object in the road. It didn't move. With his knees shaking, his mouth dry, he walked forward and knelt beside it. Dime's eyes opened, but he could not wag his tail or move. Alec's hand fumbled over his head.

He too felt as if he couldn't move. Just then a warning honk ! honk !! stirred him to action. He gathered his dog up in his arm and moved to the edge of the road. As he did this, Dime gave pitiful little yelps. Dry sobs tore Alec's throat. As soon as he was safely out of the roadway he stopped. Carefully he shifted his burden in an effort to ease him.

Mary Gay, Tom, Jimmie, and Marjory came down the road. They stopped, surprised, then stood around awkwardly, wondering what they could do. Not one word had Alec to say. Then Dime's hot dry nose and hanging tongue caught Mary Gay's eye.

"I'll get some water," she said, and followed by Marjory started for the brook. "Maybe I can find a can," added Tom, following them.

Jimmie felt very uncomfortable. He could tell by the look in Dime's eyes that he was terribly hurt and he knew that Alec knew it. Finally he gained courage to say, "Back broken?"

Alec nodded.

"Ought to be — ought to be —" Jimmie gulped after the words.

Alec nodded; a tear rolled down his face and fell on Dime's soft silky ear. In his misery Alec moved and Dime gave a yelp of pain.

"Shall I go?" questioned Jimmie. "Father will —" he hesitated. Alec nodded and Jimmie was off as fast as he could go.

Mary Gay came running with her handkerchief wet with water. Marjorie and Tom were still hunting for a can, she explained, but her own handkerchief was

clean, and so she had brought it full of water for Dime. She squeezed it on the dog's tongue, while he looked at her with grateful eyes and tried to wag his tail. Mary Gay saw his eyes wide and dark with pain through a blur of tears and she thrust the wet whisp of white into Alec's grimy hand and went to join Marjory and Tom.

Alec shifted his position — again that pitiful yelp of pain. He looked at his beloved companion. A wave



Poor Dime !

of anger swept over him. To think that any one could hurt his dog and go right on without even a backward glance ! What right had they to go around the curve without a warning or so fast ? A great bitterness welled within him that they could do such harm and go free, while one who had done no harm should suffer so. He'd just like to hurt that driver, — all of them for that matter, — let them get something in return for what they'd done. He gritted his teeth and little drops of moisture gathered on his forehead. Then despair at

his helplessness blotted out his fury at the injustice, tears came to his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. Over and over he said to himself, "They didn't honk their horn — they didn't slow down!" Why — he was repeating what he'd heard in school. He had laughed at them! And now Dime's back was broken; he was dying.

Tears ran down Alec's cheeks. Dime, his playfellow so short a time ago. Dime, helpless, with dry tongue and eyes growing dull.

"Dime, Dime," he murmured brokenly. "Good doggie," he said bravely, patting the hot nose with the damp handkerchief. But only a flicker in brown eyes answered him. Biting his lips, Alec turned away and rubbed his cheek on his dusty shoulder, leaving a damp spot.

Doctor George had just come in from a conference at the mill and was signing a letter Miss Gray had laid on his desk, when the door burst open and his son stood before him. Jimmie's damp hair was clinging to his forehead, his face was streaked with dirt and perspiration, and his chest was rising and falling with jerky breaths.

"I want — I want some — some chloroform," he gasped.

"Chloroform!" his father exclaimed in amazement.

"Hurry, right away," Jimmie impatiently pushed his hair back from his forehead. "Please!" there was a pleading note in his voice.

Doctor George with quick understanding rose at once.

"What is it, son?" he asked, walking toward the medicine closet.

"Dime's back's broken," Jimmie's breath was still uncertain, "and he ought to be killed," he panted, "because he's suffering something awful, just something awful, father."

The doctor reached for the necessary cone and can. "Let's go," he said.

Together they hurried from the office and into the waiting car. On the way out to the hillside road, Jimmie told what he knew of the story to his father.

Alec looked up, amazed and grateful, when the car stopped and the doctor and Jimmie got out. Doctor George took in the situation at a glance.

"Shall I do it?" he asked gently.

Alec nodded.

"I want the big robe," the doctor said to his son. Jimmie fumbled in the tonneau and came toward them dragging the heavy robe, which he handed to his father. Mary Gay, Marjory, and Tom walked away and stood with downcast eyes, feeling uncomfortable and sorry. Jimmie looked at his father and he too walked away at the motion of his father's head.

Alec surrendered the dog to the doctor. Tears ran shamelessly down his cheek and deep sobs shook him. Carefully the doctor laid the dog down and partially covered him with the blanket. Then he put his hand into his pocket and brought out a clean white handkerchief.

"O, Dime, Dime!" sobbed Alec, kneeling beside his dog and caressing the silky ears. "O, Dime, Dime, you know we don't want to do it, but we've got to!"

The doctor pushed the handkerchief into Alec's hand.

"You go over there by the tree," he said in his kindly voice.

With stumbling steps Alec obeyed.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE PARADE

CAPTAIN W. W. Graham
Chief of Fire Department
City of Collins

Dear Sir :

The Bryant School Safety Council has secured the permission of the Mayor to have a Safety Parade the first Saturday in June. We should be very glad to have your department represented, as we feel that it contributes much to the safety of the city and our personal feeling of security. Will you let us know by May 20 if we may expect you to join us? We shall deeply appreciate your coöperation.

Very truly yours

WILLARD THORP, President

Bryant School Safety Council

C. B. GORDON, Principal Bryant School
Adviser, Bryant School Safety Council

Captain Graham read the letter carefully and handed it to his assistant.

"I think we ought to send something," he said. "You know we haven't had a false alarm from the Bryant School district since they started this safety work — no, I'll take that back. Last fall there was one, but they took the young smarty into their safety court and gave him such a going over that he felt like two cents — or less ! Anyway, we've not had any false alarms since."

"What will you send?" inquired his assistant.

The chief rubbed his pencil reflectively over his left ear.

“Hum — remember when they visited us how they liked the new equipment? Does look good. Think I’ll relieve it from duty long enough to parade.”

In another office the head of the Department of Street Cleaning was saying, “That’s a nice letter.”

He put it carefully under a paper weight. “The Bryant School district keep their streets cleaner than any other section of town. Sure we’ll help those kids out.” Then to the question, “What will you send?” he answered: “Paint up that new special dumping cart — and send some White Wings in clean suits. Tell Miss Knox to think up some good signs to put on the cart.”

“A parade!” exclaimed the Commissioner of Health as he read the letter. “Of course we’ll be glad to help them. It offers a good opportunity for public education, too. But what shall we send?” He thought a moment. “Miss Hess, please ring the bell for Mr. Loomis in the laboratory and call up Doctor Smith. I’m sure they will have some suggestions. We’d better have some slogans, like: ‘We have isolation to guard your child, do your part and guard other children,’ or ‘Don’t send a sick child to school — Call your doctor.’ I wish we could show them something about pure milk and water, or store inspection. Wonder if something like this would do: ‘Mothers and fathers: help us do our work 100 per cent by correcting the defects we find in your children.’ We’ll work out something, I’m sure.”

At the Main Street Station Lieutenant Gray handed the letter back to Chief Donahue.

"Send something?" he asked.

"Sure!" exclaimed the chief. "A squad of patrolmen and a motor cycle or two."

"Tell you what would make a hit! Let Ryan parade at the head of his school cops!"

Chief Donahue nodded, "Good idea."

"It's surprising how well those school cops handle their job. I never would have expected it, but Ryan says he'd hate to do without them now."

"Have you noticed that there hasn't been but one traffic accident in that whole district? And that was an outsider ran down a child. Seems as if the parents as well as the children are more careful now." He sighed. "Other districts still running ten or more, with now and then a fatality."

And so it came about that the city departments were willing to join the parade of the Bryant School Safety Council. Soon the whole town was talking about the parade as the coming event. All the school and civic organizations had been invited to send floats, delegations, cars, or any form of representation they wished. By the eighteenth of May many of the replies had been received. Acceptances of course were received by the Council with elation. Mr. Gordon was as much pleased as they, but for a slightly different reason. The children exulted because their parade was promising to be a success: Mr. Gordon felt a warm glow of satisfaction because the extra time and effort he had put into his school had been justified, and now the value of the

work was recognized by the community. Doctor Bruce had put the thing right when he said: "Some school will have to make a demonstration of what Safety Education means and what it can do. That school will have to bear the brunt of the effort and struggle that goes with launching a new idea; but in return that school will be recognized for having contributed to civic betterment and its qualities for leadership will be acknowledged."

Of the schools invited, some were slow in replying. The West Field and Jefferson schools came back promptly: "We'll be delighted to join you, and next year we're going to have a safety council of our own!" The Babcock School refused because they were "too busy getting ready for examinations." This brought forth remarks from some of the executive committee that were not complimentary.

"If they'd been doing their work straight through the year," Willard remarked, "they ought not to require even two weeks to get ready for examinations."

"Perhaps they're not very bright," suggested Harriet Hills sarcastically.

"Look at this — they can't come because they are too far away! Maybe so," Isabel sputtered, "but they are much nearer than the West Field School!"

"The returns are good," put in Mr. Gordon pacifically. "Out of fourteen schools you've had ten acceptances."

"Oh, we're going to have a fine parade," Jimmie commented. "With the city and everything it's going to be fine."

He gathered up the committee reports and rose to go. As captain of patrol it was his job to make up the order of the parade and present it to the executive committee for approval. Isabel Layton had already written to the proper authorities and had arranged the line of march.

"I've got to get back to work on that stuff for the playground float," said Will Wallace, taking up his cap. "Say, you know Alec is going to do a good job on that camping float; you'd just think it was a piece of the woods the way he's going to fix it, and Sam Stern is going to let him use a canoe too. So long! See you all at three forty-five tomorrow."

And they separated, each going to see about his own special responsibility.

Jimmie spent a long and hard hour on his plan, and at a quarter past five he knocked at his father's office door. As Jimmie entered Doctor George looked up from the new medical journal that he was reading.

"Well, son, how is the parade progressing?" he asked, noting the anxious expression on the earnest freckled face before him.

"I just wondered if you had time to go over the plan for the parade with me," answered Jimmie. "I've got it down here," and he laid upon the desk a large sheet of paper, much erased and marked.

"Certainly, son," said the doctor cordially. "I'd like very much to see it."

"Hum —" he said as he read the heading — "Safety Parade, City of Collins —" and underneath, "Bryant School Safety Council in charge."

Jimmie ran his finger along the page.

1. *Band*

“Of course we want to have the band first,” he said.

2. *Safety Council of the Chamber of Commerce*

“Probably in automobiles.”

3. *Rotary Club*

4. *Kiwanis Club*

5. *Parent-Teachers' Associations*

“Probably several cars of them.”

6. *Boy Scouts with drum corps*

7. *Girl Scouts with drum corps*

8. *Automobile of city officials*

9. *Fire Department*

10. *Police Department*

11. *Health Department*

“I think they are going to have two floats and quite a lot of banners.”

“Where do the school nurses come in?” asked Doctor George.

Jimmie looked aghast. “I forgot them!” he exclaimed. “But don't you think we ought to put them in right here?”

His father nodded, and Jimmie made a note at the side of the page and a check mark under Health Department.

12. *Street Cleaning Department*

“Say, father, do you think we ought to put the Health Department and the nurses first? I mean before the Fire Department?”

"They're all important," said his father thoughtfully, "but it might be nice to put the school nurses first, then the Health Department and the rest of the city departments."

Carefully Jimmie made lines indicating a reversal of the order.

13. Red Cross float

"That's going to be something about life saving, I think — or maybe it will be home nursing."

14. Y. W. C. A.

15. Y. M. C. A.

"I think they are just going to march."

16. Collins Post, American Legion

"They've promised to wear their uniforms."

17. West Field School float

"I don't know just what it will be."

18. Virginia School

"They're going to march with banners. Then from 18 to 27 will be schools on floats or marching."

27. Bryant School Safety Council Advisers

"You'll have one car and Mr. West the other."

28. Officers of the Safety Council

"Marching, you know."

Officers of the Court

Officer and the Street Patrol

School Patrol

“Each of these next march with their banner, with their name on it — ‘Committee on Fire Escapes’.”

Chairman and Committee on Fire Escapes

Chairman and Committee on Stairways

Chairman and Committee on Basements

Chairman and Committee on Drinking Fountains

“Mary Gay will lead that one.”

Chairman and Committee on Playground

Class Captains and Safety Commissioners

“Mary Gay is in that too, and so are some of the others. I don’t know what they’ll do; maybe they’ll decide to appoint some one to take their places.”

29. *Float — “Little Lookouts”*

“I don’t know just what they’re going to have, but I think it will be a semaphore and the children following the traffic rules.”

30. *Kindergarten children’s float*

“Lots of flowers and things, you know.”

31. *Clean-up float*

“That’s going to be great, with brooms and pails and trash baskets,” laughed Jimmie.

32. *Don’t Tease the Dog!*

“That’ll be Jack Meyer’s dog and pony wagon.”

33. *Fourth of July float*

“Something like a picnic party, I think.”

34. *The Kind of Car for the Speed Maniac*

“That’s a corker! Alec found the worst old car — hadn’t any tires, and the hood’s off, and it hasn’t any

engine! He's borrowed it, and they're going to hoist it up on Mr. McGee's truck and put a big, big sign on it."

35. *Playground float*

"That's going to be a pretty one. Aunt Elizabeth and mother are helping on that one."

36. *Camping Float*

"Alec's doing that, too, and they say it is going to be a good one."

"Your Aunt Elizabeth is president of the Federated Women's Clubs — aren't they going to be in it?"

Jimmie's face fell.

"Oh, gee, I forgot," he said. "They ought to be way up in the front with the other clubs," and he made a hasty note. "And the Visiting Nurse Association — I forgot them too! Where do you think they ought to be?"

Doctor George looked over the list again.

"Why not put them near the Red Cross?" he suggested, then, as he indicated the much marked sheet, "You're going to hand in this at the executive meeting tomorrow?"

"Yes, but I'm going to copy it first. I was just wondering if I could use your typewriter."

His father nodded gravely. He had really intended to offer to have it done, but if Jimmie wished to do it himself, so much the better.

"If you get into difficulties or find that it is going to take too long, let me know and I'll have it finished for you."

"Thanks," answered Jimmie, preparing to go to work.

He seated himself at the typewriter and inserted a spotless sheet of his father's business stationery. From the doorway Doctor George thoughtfully regarded his son's intent freckled face and mop of ruffled red hair as he bent over the machine picking out the right keys with eager fingers. For a moment an expression of amusement flickered over his face, but subtly it changed to one of pride in which there was an element of tenderness. Jimmie stopped abruptly, his fingers lingering on the keys, and turned his face toward his father.

"You know, Dad, Alec's a good worker. You know he's just as different as anything since Dime died."

Doctor George nodded.

"That's like life, son," he said slowly. "Sometimes we have to have something pretty serious happen to us before we can see our faults or rise above our foolish prides. I hope you don't let his past behavior make any difference now."

"Oh, no!" Jimmie exclaimed hastily. "The Council decided when his application came up that we'd act as if he had always belonged, and Willard said that if any one said anything mean they'd be called before the executive committee. And I don't think any one has said a word — not members of the Council, anyhow — but I guess some of the other kids have. But he doesn't care what they say!"

"Do encourage Alec," said Mrs. McGee to her husband a few days later, "for I hope that this next winter we shan't have visiting teachers coming because he's been unruly. It's very embarrassing! And he was



They built a camp on the big truck

so foolishly daring that I was nervous all the time for fear he'd get hurt."

As for Mr. McGee, he was well satisfied with the turn of events. So he and Alec took the light truck and went away out in the country where they could get large branches without really hurting anything. They brought them back and decorated the big truck with them so that it looked, as the children said, like a piece of woods. The trees were at the back and the front was arranged as if it were the edge of a stream. They had a canoe, a tent, and a make-believe campfire. Sam Stern lent folding chairs and a table, and Alec achieved a quite realistic looking camp. Along the sides were big signs: "Be sure your fire is out," and "Carry your first-aid kit with you."

Every one was hoping for a good day, and sure enough the first Saturday in June was made up of soft sunshine and blue sky. During the morning the finishing touches were put to the floats, and the signs and ban-

ners were checked to be sure that none had been forgotten. The children had been working for two weeks on the banners and it just didn't seem possible that they could all be finished!

Mr. Gerard, president of the big bank with the wide steps, said that they might have the reviewing stand there and that they might put it up just as soon as the bank closed. That meant that they had to hurry, because the parade was to begin at three; but Mr. Jenkins, Jerry's father, who was a contractor, brought some railing he had for a new house and put it up, and then the committee wound bunting around it until it looked just like a regular grandstand. Johnny Trumbull's father was an undertaker, and he brought folding chairs in his black car and set them up so that everything was ready in time. When the reviewing party took their places, — the mayor, the members of the school board, and the two ladies who had come all the way from the National Safety Council in New York, — no one would have guessed that there had been such a terrible hurry.

Jimmie had the floats line up on Clinton, Grove, and Union Streets. Each driver had a card with a number so that he'd know just where he belonged. All the groups that were marching were lined up on the same streets, only on the other side of Broad Street. Each leader had a card with his number in the parade on it, so that all groups could follow along at the right time.

At the last minute the Odd Fellows' band decided to march in the parade, and that was fine, for everybody had wished there could be a band in front of the Safety

Council marchers. Doctor Bruce had had a little talk with Chief Donahue on Friday evening, and the chief had detailed three mounted policemen to ride as marshals and had assigned more to keep back the crowds along the line of march, for it was turning out to be a bigger parade than anybody had really expected!

Ten minutes to three! All along the line of march people stood on the curb, called greetings to friends, smiled and bowed to acquaintances, or stopped and exchanged the usual remarks:

"So you came to the parade?"

"Yes, at the last moment we thought we couldn't miss it."

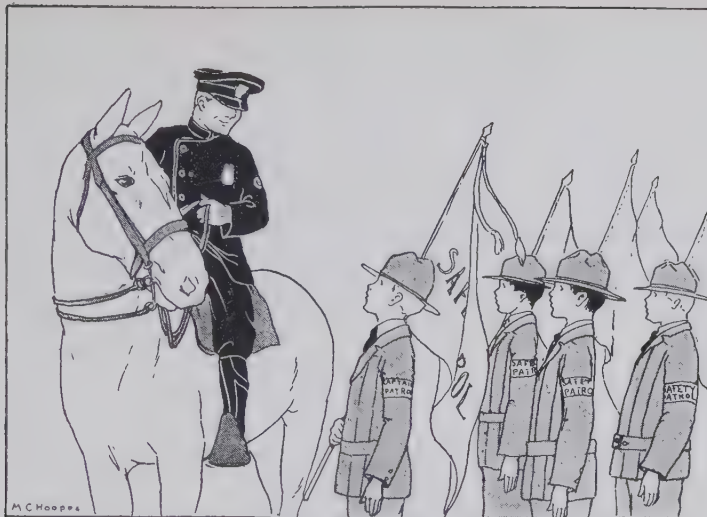
"When is it going to start?"

"Why, I think at three."

And they'd all look down the street and say just about the same things to the next friend that came along!

The mounted police that Chief Donahue had assigned went up and down the streets where the ranks were forming, carrying messages from the front to the rear and trying to straighten the lost ones out by looking at their cards and referring to the list.

At five minutes to three Jimmie reached the Bryant School section. By this time he was so confused that he just hoped that when they began to move everything would straighten out and be all right. Officer Ryan stood in the right place at the head of his group. He did feel proud of his school cops! They were ready! Their green safety patrol armbands and white flags gave them a very neat and trig appearance. Jimmie was proud too, — he had noticed that there was less



“All set to go, Captain?” asked the mounted officer

confusion in the Bryant School section than any other. “Oh, well,” he thought, “we’re used to working together.”

“Jimmie,” shouted Willard breathlessly, “the Little Lookouts are lost! The driver took them up in the wrong section and we can’t find them!”

Jimmie looked at his watch.

“Have to let it go — it’s five past three now!”

A mounted officer halted his horse and leaned down from the saddle. “All set to go, Captain?”

Jimmie glanced at his watch — gave one desperate and hopeful look around and said, “Yes, Officer,” and in two minutes the band started playing — the engines of the shiny cars decorated with club pennants began to purr — and the Safety Parade started!

Jimmie took his position behind the school cops, but Officer Ryan called him out and told him that as captain of patrol he was to go ahead. For a brief second Jimmie suspected that he saw a twinkle in the policeman's eyes, but Mr. Gordon came by just then and gravely agreed with Officer Ryan. So Jimmie adjusted the new armband his mother had just embroidered for him, with "Captain of Patrol" in green letters on white, and stepped into his place behind the officers of the court.

Many of the buildings along the line of march had hung out their flags. Windows were full of people, curbs lined with them. And when they heard the music they leaned out of the windows and those along the curb craned their necks as they looked down the street or stood on tiptoe to see over the heads of those in front. Even in the reviewing stand they stood up — for who wanted to sit down when a parade was coming along!

In front of the mayor and the other guests went the band, the Safety Council of the Chamber of Commerce, the clubs, the city departments, the Health Department float, with a big sneezing doll bowing and putting her handkerchief to her mouth as she sat under a jiggling sign which said: "Safety First — Don't Sneeze on Anybody." Then came the organizations, — the visiting nurses with a car full of babies — "Safety First — bring your baby to the Baby Keep Well Station"; the Red Cross with two floats, one for home care of the sick and the other for safe swimming; the Y. M. and the Y. W., marching and carrying their big triangles; next the American Legion, in their faded

khaki; Girl and Boy Scouts, with drum corps, bright ties, flags, merit badges, and medals!

Then came the schools. Some of them marched along under their school banners, others carried in addition such legends as, "Watch our Safety Council Next Year," "Safety First," "It's Better to be Safe than Sorry." Some of them had floats. The West Field School had a playground scene showing first aid being given to a child that had been hurt by rough play. On the Jefferson School float little children's heads were just showing above big bright-colored building blocks that spelled S—A—F—E—T—Y F—I—R—S—T. Behind it came another float with a large floral question mark and a big sign, "Carefulness or Carelessness, Which Shall it Be?"

At last the Bryant School Safety Council came along. The Parent-Teachers Association and the Council advisers came first in automobiles. Then, under the signs that they had worked so hard to make, came the officers of the Council, the court, and the patrols, each with its chairman or leader just four paces ahead. Next marched the class captains and the safety commissioners with their armbands and banners. Past the grandstand they marched, heads and chests held high.

Mr. Seward cleared his throat. He turned to the mayor.

"What gets me," he said a little huskily, "is the sincerity of them."

The mayor looked a little embarrassed and blew his nose quite loudly.

“I didn’t know what it was,” he answered, “but it got me!”

Alec’s camping float came bumping along, the trees waving as if they were really a bit of woods, and the signs telling of vacation dangers quivering in their frames. The playground float drew many exclamations of delight. Behind a wire fence with vines at the corners were little children in gay-colored frocks, playing in sand piles or riding seesaws. And there at the top of a slide, clutching the handrails tightly, sat Jerry, as if ready to go down at any minute.

Ripples of laughter followed the clean-up float, and every one was charmed with the earnestness of Amy Louise; wearing an apron like mother’s, her head swathed in a towel, she vigorously plied a little broom and dust cloth. The speeder’s car caused amusement too, as did the “Don’t Tease the Dog” one, for this time they had the boy in a cage with the dog teasing him and the sign, “Would you like it?” There were floats showing the children crossing the streets correctly, big children helping little ones, and a lovely picnic one for the Fourth of July.

The Odd Fellows’ band in their bright purple suits and shiny horns were followed by rows of marching children, singing safety songs.

The parade was over. People drew back from the window and relaxed from strained positions. Every one began telling every one else how much he had enjoyed it and how well the children had done their part. The Mayor congratulated the School Board, and they all congratulated Mr. Gordon.

Then mothers began to hunt up their little ones, and in a twinkling of an eye it seemed as if almost every other child was eating an ice-cream cone !

In the school yard the clearing-up committee worked feverishly, removing signs and decorations, checking borrowed property, and dismantling the floats. They were hot, they were tired, but they stuck to their job until they had finished it. In their minds were two thoughts, — the parade was over — the parade was a success !

That evening, when Jimmie's mother was passing his door, he called her softly.

"Just think, mother," he muttered drowsily, "a — council — in — every — school ! And we showed 'em — we showed 'em it works !"

HANDBOOK OF SAFETY STUDY

I

SOME THINGS THAT BOYS AND GIRLS OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT ACCIDENTS

The Education Division of the National Safety Council has made a careful study of accidents among children. It finds that while there are many causes of accidents, the greater number fall into five groups, — street accidents, burns and scalds, falls, railroad accidents, and drowning.

THE CHIEF FORMS OF ACCIDENTS TO CHILDREN AND THEIR CAUSES

(A) *Street Accidents*

- (1) Playing in streets.
- (2) Running into the street from behind a parked automobile or other obstruction.
- (3) Running suddenly into the street to recover a ball or a hat, or to catch a playmate.
- (4) Crossing a street without looking each way for traffic.
- (5) Crossing a street elsewhere than at an intersection, or going catcorner at a crossing.
- (6) Hopping on trucks, automobiles, and street cars.
- (7) Roller skating or bicycling on crowded streets.
- (8) Hanging to trucks while skating or bicycling.
- (9) Coasting on a street with intersections.
- (10) Getting off a street car and running around behind the car to cross the street without looking to see whether cars are coming from the opposite direction.
- (11) Climbing on the back of ice-wagons. (Blocks of ice often slip and fall.)
- (12) Carrying an umbrella down over the face on a rainy day in such a way that vision is obstructed.

(B) *Burns and Scalds*

- (1) Playing with matches.
- (2) Throwing matches or cigarette butts about.
- (3) Making bonfires or playing about them.
- (4) Playing too near a kitchen stove, oil stove, or open fire.
- (5) Knocking over scalding water, tea, etc., in a receptacle on a stove or table, or falling into hot water in a wash tub on the floor. Many deaths and serious accidents, especially with little children, happen in this way. It is usually the mother who leaves things about, but children can be taught to keep away from them.
- (6) Meddling with electrical attachments.

(C) *Falls*

- (1) Falling out of a window, over a banister or a porch rail, or from a fire escape.
- (2) Tripping in dark halls, or on obstructions or defects on stairways, and falling down stairs.
- (3) Tripping over toys, furniture, mused-up rugs, etc.
- (4) Slipping on fruit peelings or other rubbish.
- (5) Standing on rocking chairs, rickety ladders, boxes, tables, etc.

(D) *Railroad Accidents*

- (1) Playing or picking up coal on tracks.
- (2) Crossing trestles.
- (3) Playing around freight yards.

(E) *Drowning*

- (1) Swimming where a current or the undertow is too strong.
- (2) Going into deep water without knowing how to swim.
- (3) Fooling in a boat or a canoe.
- (4) Not knowing how to manage a boat or a canoe properly.
- (5) Diving into shallow water.
- (6) Falling off boats, piers, etc.

DEATH RATES ACCORDING TO AGES ¹

The second column in the table below gives the total number of deaths from accidents, per one hundred thousand, among children of the ages in the first column. The other columns give the number of deaths, per one hundred thousand, caused by different types of accidents.

AGE OR AGE GROUP	POPULATION 100,000	AUTOMOBILE	FALLS	DROWNING	BURNS	POISONS	MECHANICAL SUFFOCATION	ASPHYXIA- TION	FIREARMS
0 to 1	22.6	1.8	7.7	2.0	9.3	5.4	34.8	1.1	.4
1	23.0	2.7	8.2	10.5	33.7	10.2	.6	.6	.9
2	23.4	5.0	5.7	6.5	37.3	5.9	.2	.4	1.2
3	23.6	11.5	5.4	4.5	33.2	3.4	.2	.4	1.8
4	23.2	15.3	3.6	3.9	26.2	1.8	.1	.4	1.9
5- 9	114.0	16.5	2.8	6.5	8.2	.6	.2	.2	2.2
10-14	106.4	8.2	2.4	7.6	2.3	.2	.2	.2	4.4
15-19	94.3	6.7	2.6	12.5	2.0	.5	.2	.9	4.0

This table shows us at what ages children need special instruction on dangers of one kind or another.

Notice, in the column under "Automobiles," that the number of accidents increases at 3 years of age, when a child begins to play out of doors, and continues high during the first years in school. The number begins to lessen at 10 years of age, when the child is becoming old enough to look out for himself effectively.

The greater number of accidents under the headings "Falls," "Burns," and "Poisons" come in the child's earlier years. How may we account for this fact?

Under "Drowning," we find a large number for children up to 1 year old, then smaller numbers until the age group 15-19. How may we explain the two high numbers?

Account for the fact that accidents from firearms are most common for the ages after 9 years.

¹ C. E. Robb: "Dangerous Ages," *National Safety News*, 25 August 1925.

II

SOME THINGS THAT BOYS AND GIRLS OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT ELECTRICITY¹

ELECTRICAL TOYS

Toys operated by dry batteries are entirely safe, but those connected with lighting sockets have certain hazards. Before buying toys, find out whether your service is alternating or direct current. With direct current the use of such toys is not recommended.

Some toys on the market are reasonably safe, but many cheaply constructed ones are sold that are serious shock and fire hazards. It is better to ask the advice of the local inspection authority than to run the risk of fire or accident in the home.

ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT IN THE HOME

Disconnect any electrical appliance as soon as you have finished using it. To leave a toaster or an iron or a toy train connected for a long time may spoil it, and may even cause a fire.

Keep cords and fixtures in good condition. Faulty insulation causes many fires, and a raveled cord that leaves the wire exposed near the socket may give you a shock.

There are several other "don'ts" to remember for protection from shock:

Don't touch two appliances at the same time.

Don't touch an electrical fixture with wet hands or a wet cloth.

Don't touch an electrical fixture and water at the same time. That means, don't turn on an electric light with one hand while the other hand is in water, or while you are standing in water in the bathtub. It is safer to stand on something

¹ From *Safetyize, A Little Book on Accident Prevention in the Home*, published by the National Safety Council.

dry when you turn on a light on a porch or in a basement where the floor is damp.

Don't touch an electrical fixture with one hand while the other hand is on a water pipe, a faucet, or a steam pipe.

RADIO

Is your radio set absolutely safe? The neglect of a few important details may make it a menace to your home. No chance should be taken with any electrical equipment even if the voltage is comparatively low.

Never attach aerials or anything else to electric light poles. Never string aerials over or under wires. A considerable number of deaths and serious injuries have already been caused by accidental contact of outdoor aerials with electric light and power wires.

The National Safety Council recommends that every radio installation be examined by the local electrical inspection bureau before it is placed in service.

ELECTRICAL HAZARDS OUTSIDE THE HOME

Fallen wires are a cause of injury and accidental deaths. After a heavy storm wires are likely to be broken, and an unsuspecting person might push one out of the way and receive a fatal shock. If you see such a wire, watch it from a safe distance and stay on guard to warn other people away from it. Have some one call up the electric light company.

Never climb a pole or tree if electric wires pass on or near it.

Never throw sticks, strings, or pieces of wire over electric wires carried overhead.

Never throw sticks or stones at insulators.

When flying kites, keep them away from overhead wires.

These sports are not only dangerous to the person indulging in them, but may short circuit the wires, causing them to fall, or may cause enough current leakage to set fire to property served by the power or light line.

III

SAFETY AND THE SEASONS ¹

The three winter months, December, January, and February, are times when indoor accidents are most frequent. Burns and scalds, poisonings, and injuries from electricity occur in large measure to children playing about the house.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE AND OTHER DECORATIONS

(1) Celluloid, cotton, and paper decorations burn easily. Choose such decorations as colored glass balls and metal ornaments, which are now cheap and easily obtainable.

(2) Powdered mica and asbestos wool make excellent snow for decorations. Flakes of cotton-wool are very inflammable.

(3) Use electric bulbs to light the tree. Candles are prettier, of course, but their attractiveness is not worth the very grave danger they represent.

(4) Have the tree set on a firm base so that it will not fall over and injure someone.

(5) Tissue-paper decorations are extremely inflammable, as are also holly and evergreens when they have dried out thoroughly in the hot air of the house. Do not use these decorations on gas fixtures or on anything where they may be exposed to a flame. You can always find a safe place where they will look attractive.

(6) Inflammable decorations, such as paper shades, placed over electric light bulbs cause many fires; the heat, when confined, becomes intense enough to cause them to ignite.

(7) It is a good plan to have a pail of water, a heavy rug, or a fire extinguisher on hand.

(8) Holly is very poisonous if a tiny bit of thorn gets into one's hand. Serious cases of blood-poisoning have resulted from such scratches. Handle holly always with gloves.

¹ From *The Bulletin of Safety Education*, published by the Education Division of the National Safety Council.

THE DANGER OF FIREARMS

About three thousand people are killed each year in the United States by accidental shooting. Some of these accidents occur actually in hunting. There are no complete figures on this point, but the number is something more than three hundred. Of those killed while hunting, about seventy per cent are boys who have not the skill or experience to handle a gun properly.

It is obvious that the chief danger from firearms is not in the hunting field itself. By far the larger number of accidental shootings occur in other ways. In round numbers, this is the age-grouping for persons under twenty-four years of age, in this type of fatal accident :

Children under 5 years — 175 killed each year.

Children 5 to 10 years — 225 killed each year.

Children 10 to 15 years — 400 killed each year.

Young people 15 to 24 years — 1000 killed each year.

VACATION HAZARDS

The principal vacation hazard — outside of street play, which is primarily a city hazard — is drowning. This is common to the country and to cities situated on rivers, lakes, or the seacoast.

The latest available figures show 7000 drowning fatalities a year, of which more than 2300 are of children under fifteen years old, and more than 2000 are of young people between fifteen and twenty-four years of age.

Boys and girls should go to supervised pools to learn swimming and life-saving methods. This knowledge, with an understanding of the difference between courage and cowardice, carefulness and foolhardiness, will reduce the loss of life from drowning. Every one should take advantage of any opportunity to learn how to manage a boat or a canoe, and should know how to be a safe passenger.

FOURTH OF JULY

Up to 1909 the number of deaths and injuries on the Fourth of July increased greatly each year. In 1910 many newspapers and magazines began to print articles giving the number of disasters and showing the dangers of careless use of fire crackers, torpedoes, rockets, and other fireworks. This "campaign of education" was effective, as we may see by comparing the figures for Fourth of July accidents in the United States in 1909 with those for 1918.

YEAR	KILLED	INJURED	TOTAL
1909	215	5092	5307
1918	8	23	31

This result encourages us to hope that the number of other classes of accidents may be decreased, such as those caused by automobiles, through teaching people the need of carefulness and instructing them in the ways of carefulness.

There are many ways of celebrating the Fourth of July besides setting off fireworks. An all-day hike, a camping party, an athletic meet, or an excursion to some interesting place may be substituted. It is better to have a display of fireworks, set off by some competent person, than to let children run the risks of handling fireworks themselves.

Children should be warned never to use cap pistols, which have caused many cases of lockjaw.

HALLOWE'EN

There are so many traditional observances for Hallowe'en that it is easy to select safe and entertaining ways of celebrating the festival.¹

What *not* to do on Hallowe'en: (1) Handle candles carelessly. (2) Damage property. (3) Frighten little children or startle elderly, sick, or nervous people.

¹ See Dawson's *Book of Frolics*, or Crozier's *Children's Games and Parties*.

IV

SAFETY RULES FOR PLAYGROUNDS

These rules are based on those in force on Kansas City playgrounds, prepared by the Kansas City Safety Council. The rules for each piece of apparatus are printed on cardboard and are posted on or near the apparatus. The permanent rules are in addition to the safety bulletin board on each playground, on which are displayed safety posters and letter bulletins that are frequently changed.

RULES FOR THE SLIDING BOARD

- (1) Slide down feet first — not standing.
- (2) Be sure that the slide is clear before starting down.
- (3) Climb the ladder without crowding or pushing.

Think Safety

*Going to and from the playground, in crossing streets,
LOOK, first to left, then to right.*

RULES FOR THE TEETER BOARD

- (1) Give warning to the person on the other end before getting off.
- (2) Stay away from the teeter unless you are using it.
- (3) Hold both feet out from under the board as it approaches the ground.
- (4) Leaving the board, the first child off should hold the board tightly and let it rise gradually so that the child on the other end can alight safely.

Think Safety

*Going to and from the playground, in crossing streets,
LOOK, first to left, then to right.*

RULES FOR THE SWINGS

- (1) Hold on tightly at all times.
- (2) Sit in the swing, don't stand up.
- (3) Remember that swinging too high is dangerous.

- (4) Wait until the motion is stopped before leaving the swing.
- (5) Play far enough away from swings so that you will not be struck.
- (6) If a ball rolls under a swing, wait until the swing is stopped before trying to get it.

Think Safety

*Going to and from the playground, in crossing streets,
LOOK, first to left, then to right.*

RULES FOR THE GIANT STRIDES

- (1) Hold on tightly at all times.
- (2) Hold back from the person in front of you.
- (3) If other children are on the swing, give warning when you let go — don't throw the chains forward or backward.
- (4) Leave the chains as they are — don't shorten or cross them.

Think Safety

*Going to and from the playground, in crossing streets,
LOOK, first to left, then to right.*

RULES FOR BASEBALL SPECTATORS

- (1) The best place from which to watch is behind the backstop.
- (2) If not behind the backstop, stand back at least 25 feet from the batter.
- (3) Stay outside of the diamond at all times during a game.
- (4) Be on the lookout for wildly thrown or batted balls.
- (5) Remember, a baseball can strike with force enough to kill. Many persons are injured each year at baseball games.

Think Safety

*Going to and from the playground, in crossing streets,
LOOK, first to left, then to right.*

V

SAFETY GAMES

GAMES FOR THE PRIMARY GRADES

*Wait Till the Road Is Clear*¹

The purpose of the game is to impress upon children, particularly when leaving the school building, the importance of waiting until the road is clear. It is very necessary in schools where the gate by which the children make their exit opens directly upon a main thoroughfare and there is the consequent danger of the children's running directly across the road, heedless of approaching traffic.

To be represented: A roadway with pavement on either side, which may be chalked out on the floor of the schoolroom or playground. Part of the room adjacent to the pavement is to be arranged as a school for eight or ten children — an opening between the chairs in the school may represent the school gate. A motor bus (or street car) with engine and driver is formed by eight children. An automobile is similarly formed by five children; horse-drawn vehicles, bicycles, etc., all are formed by children.

The motor bus enters, running to the tune of "The British Grenadiers," then takes up a stationary position, and the children sing to the same tune:

To visit friends in olden times
By coach folks had to go;
There were no trains to ride in,
And oh, it was so slow!
The driver to the horses cried,
"Get up! Gee up! Gee whoa!"
But now we have the motor bus,
So off, away we go!

¹ A game compiled by the staff of the Rochelle Street L. C. C. School, received from the Safety First Council of London, England, and adapted for American children.

The motor bus then proceeds on its journey up and down the road while the tune is played again. The automobile then approaches from the opposite direction, and both vehicles take up a stationary position while children sing :

They walked whatever distance
To where they had to go,
In summer's blazing sunshine,
Or winter's frost and snow.
But now in town and country,
You very well may know,
Today we have the auto,
So off, away we go !

All vehicles now proceed up and down the road to the tune, played through again, then disperse, leaving the road clear.

The school bell rings (this may be signified on the piano or by a hand-bell) and the children run into the school. They take their places and quite freely express the music "At School," by C. Gurlitt. During the concluding bar, the children (all but one boy) run out of school on to the pavement. These careful children, however, seeing the traffic passing, — all vehicles having made their appearance again, simultaneously with the children's making their exit from school, — wait upon the curb and sing :

Now the bell has rung and school is over,
Ere we cross the road we must take care,
Looking left and right for passing traffic
Let us pause until the road is clear.

The music is repeated; the children make rhythmical movements, looking left and right for traffic, then sing :

Now we run across, for the road is clear !

The children then run across, and on reaching the opposite pavement they proceed "home."

Traffic in the road is again resumed while the music is played, and during the concluding bars the remaining child

in the school then heedlessly rushes out and across the road in front of a vehicle and is knocked down (being touched by the motor, he falls down). The traffic ceases; the other children run to the scene of the accident and are much concerned. The policeman approaches, and with the help of the driver of the car carries the child to an imaginary hospital, while the other children sing:

Willie's hurt, O dear! O dear!
He did not wait till the road was clear.

The children and the vehicles then resume their journey to the music, "The British Grenadiers," and disperse.

Children representing vehicles should be encouraged to step in a well-defined rhythmical manner with knees well lifted.

*The Policeman*¹

The playground or the schoolroom represents the road and the pavement; the pavement is marked off from the roadway by chalk lines, the curb being particularly indicated; street-car lines must also be shown by chalk lines in the roadway.

One child stands in the middle of the roadway to represent the policeman, others represent vehicles, and others are pedestrians. The pedestrians sing:

Hurrah for the policeman,
Our friend, the policeman,
Hurrah for the policeman,
Who rules with his hand!

Chorus:

In this way and that way,
In this way and that way,
Hurrah for the policeman,
Who rules with his hand!

¹ A game compiled by the staff of Vernon Square L. C. C. School, London, England. Received from the Safety First Council of London and adapted for American children.

He guides streams of traffic, .
Cars, buses, and horses,
And taxis and autos,
By lifting his hand.

Chorus :

In this way and that way,
In this way and that way,
He guides streams of traffic
By lifting his hand.

He holds up the traffic,
The whirligig traffic,
He holds up the traffic
And sees us safe through.

Chorus :

In this way and that way,
In this way and that way,
He holds up the traffic
And sees us safe through

Verse 1: The children on the curb wave their hands as if cheering the policeman, who has taken his place in the center of the road. At the word "rules," the children raise their hands with a gesture of command.

Chorus: The policeman raises his arm to stop the traffic coming behind him. The movement should imply authority and the command "stop." The other arm of the policeman moves to guide the people across in the desired direction. Drivers of vehicles immediately obey, and the policeman guides the children across the road.

Verse 2: The policeman makes the movement of his arm which signifies "Traffic may proceed."

Chorus: As for Verse 1.

Verse 3: The policeman holds up the traffic as before — one hand up to indicate "stop" and the other guiding the children across the road to "sees us safe through."

Chorus: As for Verse 1.

The greater the space that can be devoted to this game, the more fun it will be. If it can be played in the gymnasium or playground, the children may bring their scooters, velocipedes, bicycles, etc., to make the traffic more realistic. A stop-and-go sign, a whistle, a gilt-paper badge, and a policeman's cap add much to the fun, although they are of course not essential to the game. Be sure that the pedestrians look first to the left and then to the right in crossing the street and that the vehicles keep to the right on the roadway.

A Guessing Game

One child addresses the class, saying: "I am an enemy of safety."

The other children ask: "Are you something that cuts?"

Child: "No, I'm not a knife."

Children: "Are you something that burns?"

Child: "No, I'm not fire," and so on until the right enemy is guessed.

It is best to have the teacher know the name of the enemy when the game begins.

*Traffic Traps*¹

Danger illustrated in the first verse: Dashing out of the school gate and across the road without looking around.

Boys. Hip-hooray! time for play;
In the street we run.
Never care what is there,
Only think of fun.

Girls. Heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
What a sad surprise!
Boys who will not use their brains
Never use their eyes.

¹ A game compiled by the Staff of Buckingham Street L. C. C. School, London, England. Received from the Safety First Council of London.

Danger illustrated in the second verse: Crossing in front of vehicles which are stationary on the curb.

Boys. Hip-hooray! on the way,
Motor standing still,
Never mind what's behind,
Dash in front until —

Girls. Heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
What a sad surprise!
Boys who will not use their brains
Never use their eyes.

Danger illustrated in the third verse: Neglecting to look toward the on-coming traffic.

Boys. Hip-hooray! run away,
Staring round about,
Seeing naught that we ought,
Till we hear a shout.

Girls. Heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
What a sad surprise!
Boys who will not use their brains
Never use their eyes.

The Safe Method, illustrated in the fourth verse.

Boys. Hip-hooray! come away,
Carefully we go,
Looking here, looking there,
Even if we're slow.

Girls. Heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
What a glad surprise!
Boys who try to use their brains
Always use their eyes.

The whole tune is used for each verse. Between the verses actions are done in the form of a game, as the words suggest. Boys and girls take different parts, *i.e.*, trolley cars, cars, motors, pedestrians, etc. Boys and girls take it in turn to be pedestrians. When the girls do the "crossing" the boys sing the last four lines of each verse, saying "girls" instead of "boys," and *vice versa*. After singing the last verse the "Safe Method" should be illustrated.

Ten Little Naughty Boys ¹

1

Ten little naughty boys,
 Played close by the line ;
A passing trolley knocked one down,
 And then there were nine.

2

Nine little naughty boys,
 Hot and very late,
Madly rushed across the road,
 And then there were eight.

3

Eight little naughty boys,
 One morning at eleven,
Played somersaults across the road,
 And then there were seven.

4

Seven little naughty boys,
 Full of impish tricks,
Snatched and threw each others' caps,
 And then there were six.

5

Six little naughty boys,
 Wanting a free drive,
Tried to catch a moving car,
 And then there were five.

6

Five little naughty boys
 Dashed from their school door,
They looked to neither left nor right,
 And then there were four.

¹ A game compiled by the staff of Duncombe Road L. C. C. School, London, England. Received from the Safety First Council of London and adapted for American children.

7

Four little naughty boys,
 Shouting in great glee,
 Danced and jumped before a car,
 And then there were three.

8

Three little naughty boys,
 (I wonder, was one you?)
 Played football along the road,
 And then there were two.

9

Two little naughty boys
 Thought it was such fun
 To worry the conductor,
 And then there was one.

10

One little naughty boy
 With papers had to run;
 The traffic signals he did scorn,
 And then there were none.

Pedestrians, trolley cars, buses, bicyclists, policemen, etc., stand still while each verse is being sung. At the end of each verse, the incident described takes place, every one moving in a natural manner.

Verse 1: Ten naughty boys run from one corner of the room and play leap-frog near the trolley tracks. There is a car-stop sign on one side. A car knocks one boy down. He is helped up by his chums, who run out from the nearest corner.

Verse 2: 9 naughty boys rush across from one corner to another diagonally. A bus coming around the near corner they are making for knocks the last one down. He gets to the pavement, and assistance is given by pedestrians. The bus continues its journey.

Verse 3: 8 naughty boys play somersaults across the road. A bicyclist runs over one of them. He is not badly hurt, but limps away.

Verse 4: 7 naughty boys run about snatching each others' caps. One boy dives in the road for his when a motor car is passing and is run over. All the boys follow him out at the corner.

Verse 5: 6 naughty boys run to catch a trolley car moving from the signal. The policeman captures the leader, and the others run back to corner again.

Verse 6: 5 naughty boys rush from the corner representing the school. One is run over by a bus.

Verse 7: 4 naughty boys dance before the car just as it starts from the signal. Two policemen see them, and one captures the leader while the other holds up the traffic.

Verse 8: 3 naughty boys kick a ball along the road. One is knocked down by a bicyclist.

Verse 9: 2 naughty boys run along beside a bus and try to hold on. They shout to the conductor. He dives to knock one off, and one boy is run over by an overtaking taxi.

Verse 10: One naughty boy sells papers to pedestrians. He shouts the news, running from side to side. He falls under an automobile.

*Who and Where*¹

The object of this game is to teach little children in the kindergarten and the first grade to know their names and addresses well enough to reply correctly when asked. With very young children it may be sufficient to expect the child to know his given name or given name and surname, or at most to tell in addition that he lives near a certain store,

¹ From *Safety Education, A Plan Book for the Elementary School*, Board of Education, Chicago, Illinois.

church, or other well-known building. It is an aid to safety for a child to be able to tell who he is and where he lives. To play the game, call on the children, and separate those who answer correctly from those who cannot answer. Applaud those who answer correctly or allow them to pass out before the others, or in some other way make it more pleasant for them.

GAMES FOR THE THIRD, FOURTH, AND FIFTH GRADES

*Battle of the Slogans*¹

Appoint two captains, who choose pupils for their sides. All the pupils in the room may be chosen, or teams may be made up of three, five, or ten members. The players must not refer to books or papers, but they may consult members of their own teams. Under the direction of its captain one team gives a safety slogan; then the other team gives one, and so on until a team fails to give a slogan. The teacher or some other person in charge would do well to let pupils write the slogans on the blackboard as they are given, to make sure that the same one is not used twice.

Examples of Slogans:

It is never right to play

On the railroad right of way.

The Chance Taker is an Accident Maker.

The best safety device is a careful person.

Preach "Safety First" and practice what you preach.

A live boy should leave a live wire alone.

The only safe match is a burned match.

Care, not Dare.

Make safety a habit, not a happening.

¹ From *Safety Education, A Plan Book for the Elementary School*, Board of Education, Chicago, Illinois.

*My Family*¹

This is a game to be used when one wishes children to suggest a number of such items as different safety devices, causes of fires, safety rules, and the like.

Suppose the game is "Fire Families." Two pupils are selected to be the fathers (or mothers). All the remaining pupils in the room are divided into two "sides" containing about equal numbers. The girls may be set against the boys, or the A class against the B class, or the odd rows against the even rows, or checkerboard fashion (the odd pupils in the odd rows with the even pupils in the even rows, against the even pupils in the odd rows with the odd pupils in the even rows). First one side and then the other has a chance to name a child of his family. The two "fathers" write the names of their own "children" on the board, and the teacher may see that the same child is not in both families. The winning side is of course the one with the largest number of children. Some of the possible causes are sparks from an engine, matches, Christmas tree candles, curtains blowing into a flame, ashes against a fence, crossed wires, lightning, an overheated stove, and starting a fire with kerosene oil. This list could be increased to a hundred and fifty, or more.

Another way to play the game is to have the pupils divided into sides and have the teacher tell a little about the item. The first pupil to raise his hand, if he is correct in his guess, wins a point for his side.

Yes or No

Let one child go into the coat room while the others think of some sort of accident. When they are ready they call him back. He may ask, "Did it happen on public property?"

They might answer, "No."

¹ From *Safety Education, A Plan Book for the Elementary School*, Board of Education, Chicago, Illinois.

"Was a child hurt?"

"Yes."

"Was it in the house?"

"Yes."

"Was it a fall?"

"No."

Soon the kind of accident is so limited that it can easily be guessed.

*Traffic Signals*¹

This is a game to teach children to observe and obey traffic signals.

Ground. Lines are drawn to represent a section of a highway and a crossing. There may be sidewalks and street car tracks; the plan can be modified or elaborated to suit conditions.



Lines may be drawn with a pointed stick or with lime when playing out of doors, with chalk when playing indoors.

Players. Appoint one player (familiar with traffic signals) for Traffic Policeman and two players for the Fire Engine (one player to stand behind the other with his hands on the first player's shoulders). The Fire Engine comes when least expected, but not too often, as the game becomes more familiar to the group.

¹ A game issued by the Memphis Safety Council.

Players may be selected to represent street cars going in opposite directions on tracks. The players of each street car stand one behind the other, with hands on shoulders of the player in front, the same as the Fire Engine.

The rest of the players are divided into two groups, one known as Pedestrians and the other as Motor Vehicles. A captain may be appointed for each side, and he may choose his own players.

Object of the game. The object of the game is for each player to observe and obey the traffic signals, keeping his eye on the officer and not depending on the other fellow.

Rules and points of play. All must watch carefully for the signal. If it is given for east and west, all motor vehicles and pedestrians going in that direction must move quickly, as they do on a real highway. If the first signal is given for north and south, then all motor vehicles and pedestrians begin to cross who are going in that direction. Motor vehicles may give a signal and turn around the traffic officer.

The stream in motion cannot stop while the signal is open ; but the moment the signal is changed, any player who crosses the line loses one point for his side and becomes a "Casualty." He still continues in the game, though. Pedestrians who run and who "poke" (holding the traffic back) also score as casualties.

When the fire engine bell is heard, the traffic officer gives the signal for all moving to stop. Motor vehicles are to move over to the curb of sidewalks and stop, and pedestrians are to stay on the sidewalks. Every player who disobeys is counted as a casualty.

Officials. Two Scorers are needed — one for the pedestrian casualties and the other for the motor vehicle casualties. The traffic officer is the umpire of disputed points.

The game is played in five or ten minutes. The team wins which has the least number of casualties at the end of the given time.

It adds greatly to the interest of the game to post the score in sight of the players, on a blackboard, large paper, or other bulletin.

*Traffic Ball*¹

Rule I — The Field

Section 1. The field shall consist of two intersecting courts each 40 feet by 80 feet.

Sec. 2. The boundary lines shall be well defined white lime lines.

Rule II — Equipment

Sec. 1. The equipment shall consist of two Spalding's official volley balls and one traffic "stop" and "go" sign. This sign should not be less than six feet high with "stop" printed in red letters and "go" in green letters, four inches high.

Sec. 2. The "stop" and "go" signal shall be placed in the center of the intersection of courts.

Sec. 3. No one shall turn the traffic sign except the official traffic cop.

Rule III — Teams

Sec. 1. The teams shall be composed of ten players each and two substitutes.

Sec. 2. The teams shall be divided equally into guards and runners.

Sec. 3. The guards shall stand at opponent's goal line, their object being to keep the ball from going over the line.

Sec. 4. The runners shall stand back of the line, opposite their own goal, their object being to get the ball over the goal line.

Rule IV — Officials

The officials shall consist of a traffic cop, two curb cops, and a score keeper.

¹This game was worked out and used successfully by Mrs. Chester G. March, Director of Recreation, County of Westchester, New York.

Rule V — Duties of Officials

Sec. 1. The traffic cop is the superior officer of the game. He shall stand beside the traffic sign, decide when the ball is in play, and when a point has been made, signal for change of play, call "wrecks" and "smash-ups," and impose penalties for all violations of rules (see Rules VIII and XI). He shall blow the whistle and turn the traffic sign at the beginning of game and at stated intervals thereafter. Length of intervals is to be decided upon before the game, — usually one minute or thirty seconds.

Sec. 2. The curb cops shall be the linesmen. They shall stand one at each goal line to determine when the ball has legally crossed the goal line and when "smash-ups" occur.

Sec. 3. The score keeper shall record goals made. His record shall constitute the official score of the game.

Rule VI — The Game

Sec. 1. A game shall consist of thirty points.

Sec. 2. The game shall begin when the traffic cop blows the whistle and spins the signal. The side toward which the sign "go" is turned shall immediately put the ball into play by throwing toward goal line.

When the whistle is blown and the signal turned, players must return quickly to their original positions and the opposite team plays for goal. Players returning to position must not interfere with runners of opposing team.

Rule VII — Playing the Ball

Sec. 1. The ball shall be put into play by runners at the traffic cop's signal. Each group of runners shall have a ball.

Sec. 2. The ball may be thrown with one or both hands but must not be kicked or batted.

Sec. 3. The ball may be thrown to another player but may not be passed with four hands on the ball at the same time.

Sec. 4. Players must not hold the ball.

Sec. 5. Players must not run with the ball.

Sec. 6. A player may not touch a ball more than once until it has been touched by another player. This is called "dribbling."

Rule VIII — Disqualifications

The traffic cop shall have power to disqualify for the remainder of a match any player committing any of the following or other gross violations of sportsmanship:

1. Persistently address officials in regard to decisions.
2. Make derogatory remarks about officials or opponents.
3. Flagrantly disregard any rules of the game.

A substitute shall take the place of a disqualified player.

Rule IX — Forfeited Game

Any team refusing to play, after receiving instructions to do so from the traffic cop, shall forfeit the game or match.

Rule X — Scoring

Five points shall be scored for each "curb-over."

After each "curb-over" the playing side returns the ball and the runners to the starting line and is given another chance to play for goal.

One point shall be scored for the playing side for a "wreck."

Thirty points shall constitute a game.

For matched games, two games out of three shall determine the match.

For matched games, the courts shall be changed for each of the first two games and after fifteen points for the third game.

Rule XI — Definition of Terms

Street. Each court shall be known as a street.

Up-Street. Toward a goal line.

Down-Street. Away from a goal line — the direction in which the guards send the ball.

Curb-Over. When the ball is sent over the goal line within the two side boundary lines. Five points.

Wreck. A wreck shall be called when the side returning to position at change of signal shall collide with either ball or player on the playing side. This shall score one point for the playing side.

Dribbling. Touching the ball more than once without its being touched meanwhile by another player.

Delaying the Game. Any player committing any act which in the opinion of the traffic cop tends to slow down the game unnecessarily shall be considered as delaying the game.

Smash-Up. When the ball is sent out of bounds a smash-up is declared, the signal is turned, and the opposite side goes into play.

Rule XII — Penalties

Sec. 1. One point shall be scored to the playing side for a wreck.

Sec. 2. For smash-ups, dribbling, delaying the game, unnecessary roughness, holding the ball, or other violations, the signal is turned and the other side sent into play.

Sec. 3. Should guards throw the ball out of bounds, the ball is returned to the runners and an extra minute is given to the playing side before the signal is turned.

The object of the game is to make a “curb-over”; therefore, practice sureness in throwing the ball. Remember, out of bounds gives the play to opponents. Team work should be developed in passing the ball up the street from player to player. Hold the ball firmly when it is caught, and develop sureness and care in sending it quickly in the right direction. Respond instantly to signals and watch for the “go” sign.

VI

SOME STUDY TOPICS

FOURTH GRADE: ACCIDENT PREVENTION¹

(1) *Accidents at play.* Avoid doing anything that may injure another person's eyesight. Never throw stones, gravel, or sand. Remember that hard snowballs are as dangerous as stones. Don't use sharp sticks for spears or arrows when you play Indians or soldiers. Never point a sharp stick toward another person; he may come forward faster than you expect or may stumble and fall upon the stick.

(2) *Danger of firearms.* Toy pistols, air guns, rifles. "Didn't know it was loaded," and its fatal results. Learn to treat every gun as if it were loaded.

(3) *Drowning.* The importance of taking care when playing near the water and of watching out for younger children also. The danger of changing seats in boats, of stepping on the edge of canoes or row-boats (one should always step exactly in the center of a small boat when getting into it), of skating on thin ice, of being cut by glass or sharp stones while wading or bathing.

Don't go into a canoe if you cannot swim. Don't take anybody else in a canoe who cannot swim.

Use a rail, board, or branch of a tree, when attempting to rescue someone who has broken through the ice.

(4) *The use of life-saving devices on boats.* An oar, a chair, or a piece of board will keep one afloat. If one who falls into the water will keep his mouth closed, breathe through his nose, and try to tread water with the motion of going upstairs or paddle dog-fashion, he can keep his head above water.

(5) *Swimming.* The importance of learning to swim, for health, for fun, for safety. Teach the danger of swimming when overheated or soon after eating.

¹ *Course of Study in Safety Education*, by H. E. Beard, Supervisor of Safety Education, Detroit, Michigan; see also *Tentative Course in Safety Education*, Public Schools, Springfield, Massachusetts.

(A) *In the Home*

- (1) Avoid accumulation of rubbish in the cellar and in the attic. (Spontaneous combustion.)
- (2) Avoid hanging clothes near a gas flame.
- (3) Children's celluloid playthings catch fire very easily. Avoid keeping them near the fire.
- (4) Playing with matches is dangerous. Keep matches in a tin box and in a safe place.
- (5) Remember that careless use of gasoline and cleaning fluids causes fires.
- (6) Use cleaning fluids instead of gasoline.

(B) *How the Fire Department Protects Us*

The need for a fire department. Duties of firemen. Uniform of firemen. Locations of fire stations, alarm boxes, extinguishers, etc.

Request the Fire Department to send a representative to the school to explain its actual work.

(C) *How We Can Protect Ourselves in Case of Fire*

- (1) Things to do in a burning building. Remember that fire cannot burn without air.
- (2) Things to do if a person's clothing catches fire.
- (3) In putting out a fire, when would you use water? When would you smother the fire?
- (4) Calling the fire department:
 - (a) Telephone.
 - (b) Send in a fire alarm.
- (5) Out-of-door life. Careless bonfires and camp fires often destroy valuable forests. Governments have found it necessary to employ Forest Rangers to protect forests against this carelessness.

(D) *Activities*

- (1) A sand-table model of the school district. It might show :
 - (a) School ground.
 - (b) Fire station.
 - (c) Neighboring streets.
 - (d) Hydrants.
 - (e) Fire-alarm boxes.
 - (f) Fire risks reported.
- (2) Individual drawings of each child's own house, with the nearest fire-alarm box and hydrant shown.
- (3) A plan of the school district drawn on the schoolroom floor, showing the same points.
- (4) Each week appoint a committee of three to watch the local papers for news of fires. The items may be clipped from the papers and pasted into a scrapbook ; then at the end of every fourth week one member of the class may make a report, giving the number of fires, causes, damage done, and injuries sustained. The report may mention other points of interest, as remarkable rescues or other difficult work done by the firemen.

(E) *Individual Reports of Fire Risks*

- (1) Discuss causes and removal of fire risks in each child's own home or neighborhood.
- (2) Time of year when fire danger is greatest — house cleaning, cleaning up gardens in spring and fall, Christmas, Fourth of July, Hallowe'en.

(F) *A Study of the Local Fire Station*

Get permission to visit the local fire station. Before going, obtain a catalogue of fire apparatus and find out the names and appearance of the various pieces. Learn how an alarm is received and how the signal is rung.

(G) *Some Famous Fires and Their Lessons*

Individual reports of a few famous fires, such as London, Chicago, San Francisco, Baltimore, Tokio.

(H) *Home Inspection Blank for School Children*

The following sample form of a Home Inspection blank has been approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

1. Name Town
Street and Number
2. Is there any rubbish, such as old papers, broken furniture, etc., in the attic?
3. In the basement?
4. In the yard?
5. Are floors under stoves protected by metal or otherwise?
6. Are walls, ceilings, and partitions protected from overheating of stoves, furnaces, and pipes?
7. How do you dispose of your ashes?
8. Do you keep your matches away from heat and out of the reach of children?
9. What is the material of the house and of the roof?
10. Is the foundation enclosed?
11. Are the chimneys in good repair?
12. When were they last cleaned?
13. Do stovepipes pass through attic or closets?
14. If there are any unused stovepipe holes, how are they covered?
15. Do you ever keep or use gasoline in the house?
16. Do you use a gasoline or kerosene stove for any purpose?
17. How is your house heated?
18. Are any gas connections made with rubber tubing?
19. Name all the purposes for which kerosene is used in your home
20. Do you use a "dustless" oil mop? If so, where do you keep it when not in use?
21. Do you use electric smoothing irons?
22. Name any other fire hazard in or about your home
.
23. Have you any fire extinguishers?
24. Where is the fire-alarm box nearest your home?
25. Do you know how to turn in an alarm?

The boys and girls of the sixth grade are old enough to develop a sense of civic responsibility in protecting, influencing, and caring for others. A study of the organized agencies at work in the prevention of accident and for the promotion of well-being will give an understanding of the service and responsibility of individuals to the community.

(A) *Some Organized Agencies for the Prevention
of Accident*

Note: Here is an excellent opportunity to study the Coast Service in connection with geography.

(1) Police Department

Traffic control, mounted police, traffic policemen (uniforms of policemen), safety zones, safety signals, speed laws, drivers' licenses.

(2) Department of Public Works

Building inspection, inspection of boilers and heating apparatus, inspection of electrical wiring in homes and public buildings, granting permission to install gas stoves and heaters, inspection of such heaters, inspection of elevators, inspection of theaters and motion picture houses, licenses of operators of electrical apparatus used in theaters.

(3) The National Safety Council

This is a body of men determined to prevent accidents. The members are employers in every industry, including workshops, public utilities, mines, etc.; representatives of schools and colleges; government officials and other individuals interested in industrial and public safety. In the Bibliography on pages 247 and 248 of this book, you will find listed some publications of the

¹Based on *A Tentative Course in Safety Education*, Public Schools, Springfield, Massachusetts.

National Safety Council. Write to the Education Division of the National Safety Council, 120 West 42d Street, New York, for circulars explaining the purposes and the work of the Council.

(B) *The Economic Cost of Accidents to a Community*

- (1) The financial responsibility of the city.
 - (a) Cost of fire protection.
 - (b) Study of accident statistics issued by the Police Department and the Safety Council.
 - (c) Cost of police protection.
 - (d) A selection of any one, or more, of the departments of public safety might be made, to study its cost to the city.

(C) *Work for Members of a Junior Safety Council*

- (1) Make or find posters, pictures, diagrams, and graphs on safety topics for the bulletin board.
- (2) Write or find safety slogans, rhymes, jingles, and songs. Put them on the bulletin board.
- (3) Invent or find safety games.
- (4) Write stories and dramatizations that will teach lessons in safety.
- (5) Find newspaper and magazine articles relating to safety topics, to be read to the class or to be pasted into a class book.
- (6) Earn money for a subscription to a safety magazine.
- (7) Make a study of safety conditions in and about the school building.
- (8) Draw up a safety code for the class.
- (9) Organize police patrols for street crossings near the school.
- (10) Station guards at coasting, skating, and swimming places.
- (11) Make a list of the games played by members of the class. For each game, note any precautions, for the safety of the players or of other persons, to be observed while playing it.

(D) *The Compensation Law*

Some states have laws relating to compensation for workmen who are injured while at work. Find out whether your own state has a compensation law and if so what its main points are. The lesson that follows gives helpful suggestions for such a study.¹

- (1) *The Compensation Law.* The employee injured at work is taken care of until he is able to work again. His family is given assistance until he returns to work.
- (2) *Questions asked.*
 - (a) Where is your father employed?
 - (b) What is his occupation?
 - (c) Does his employer carry compensation insurance?
 - (d) Has he ever been injured while at work?
 - (e) Has he received any benefits from the Compensation Law?
 - (f) If he has, get his experiences.

At least one third of the class reported that some member of the family had been injured at work and had received some compensation.

- (3) *Presentation (new).* In a few years most of you will be going out into the world to work. Therefore you need to know something about the Compensation Law.

How many boys have fathers or mothers employed in factories, shops, stores, etc.?

How many work on buildings under construction?

How many have their own shops and employ men and women?

- (4) *Father's Experience.*

My father is employed in a boiler factory on West Street. One day, while he was unloading a copper boiler

¹ This lesson was given to a Grade 6B Class in Public School 11, Manhattan, City of New York, by Miss Alice C. O'Donnell.

that was not properly safeguarded, it slipped and cut off two toes. He was in the hospital two months. His salary was \$160 a month. Under the Compensation Law he received one half of his salary. His hospital expenses and doctor's bills amounted to \$80. My father lost \$40 and two toes, which can never be replaced, because some one was careless. (Given by Thomas Connelly.)

My father owns a printing shop on Jane Street. One day while one of his men was using a cutting machine it slipped and cut off the man's finger. My father pays Compensation insurance. The man was taken to the hospital. He was away from the shop for a month. His salary was \$140 a month. He received one half of his salary. This could not pay for the loss of his finger. My father learned a lesson from this accident. He had a safety device put on the cutting machine and gave the man \$100. (Given by John Seipe.)

- (5) *Summary.* The Compensation Law makes the employer look out for the safety of his employees.

It makes him safeguard his machinery and his building, because he knows that life is more valuable than money. Money can be replaced, but life and limbs never.

His work and profits suffer while experienced employees are absent.

If he is watchful for the safety of his employees, his compensation insurance rate can be kept very low.

- (6) *Devices.* Large colored posters illustrating danger hazards at work were made.

- (7) *Assignment.* Boys were asked to write down and report any accidents in factories and shops in their neighborhood and to make inquiries among friends and neighbors for new cases under the Compensation Law.

SEVENTH GRADE

(A) *Topics for Composition, Letter Writing, or Dramatization*¹

- (1) Emergencies that require courage and quick action; emergencies that require not only courage and quick action, but special knowledge and preparation.
- (2) What to do in case of a street accident; of finding an excavation unprotected; of a grocer's giving short weight; of a milkman's selling impure milk; of a live wire down.
- (3) Why fires are more common in the United States than in Europe.
- (4) What our city has to be proud of; what conditions need our help to remedy them.
- (5) The city department that interests me most and what I am doing to assist it.
- (6) The meaning of "recreation" and what our city offers me in this respect.
- (7) In what ways certain qualities of individuals may help the city and nation; for example, obedience, service, thrift, coöperation, loyalty, neatness, health, etc.
- (8) Does free education place any obligations upon public school pupils?
- (9) Do taxpayers get the value of their money?
- (10) Comparison of old and new methods of fighting fires.
- (11) Suggest some ordinances that you think might be a help to the city in reducing the number of fires; of accidents; in improving public health; in benefits of any other kind.
- (12) Why there are so many street accidents.
- (13) What it means to me to be a citizen.

¹ From *A Course of Study in Safety Education*, by H. E. Beard, Detroit Public Schools.

(B) *Five-minute Talks in Assembly*

The following topics and outlines are suggested as examples for assembly talks. Do not write a formal paper and read it; prepare your subject so well that you can talk without notes or at least with only an outline to follow.

(1) Topic: Safety and the Street Cars.

Where the safety zones are.

On which corner cars stop.

Danger of jumping on after the car has started.

Why not to ride on running board or step.

Danger in putting head or arms out of a window.

How to get off the car.

How to cross to the other side of the street after getting off the car.

(2) Topic: How to Ride a Bicycle Safely.

Keeping the bicycle in good condition.

Giving correct hand signals for turns.

Danger of coasting down steep hills.

Danger to self and others in dashing around corners.

What streets are to be avoided.

Danger of hooking on to other vehicles.

Avoiding oncoming cars on country roads.

General rule: Never take chances.

(C) *Safety and the Railroad*

The purpose of this study is to show the place that safety holds in railroad building and operation and in our use of the railroads. The class as a whole may discuss the possibilities of the subject as a preliminary; then smaller groups may be formed to look up references in the library, to talk to people who are connected with the railroads, to collect illustrative pictures and photographs, and to make sketches and posters. The best of the material may be placed in a scrap-book to be kept as a permanent part of the school library.

(1) The First Railroads.

- (a) When they were built.
- (b) How the cars and engines looked.
- (c) The heroism of the railroad builders.
- (d) How they helped to bring East and West together.
Special reference: *When Railroads were New*, by Charles Frederick Carter; Henry Holt and Company, New York. Excellent for the story of the great American railroads, with good illustrations of the early types of equipment. Chapter IX gives a thrilling picture of the difficulties of railroad building — cold, landslides, floods, bogs, rivers, mountain ranges, chasms, and forests to cross or cut through.

(2) Why We Feel Safe on a Railroad Train Today.

- (a) Train schedules — Why do we have them?
- (b) Control and direction of trains — How is it done?
- (c) Safety devices on trains, at stations, yards, grade crossings, etc. What are some that you know of or can find out about?

(3) The Men Who Run Our Railroads.

- (a) What type of men they must be — why?
- (b) What they do and how they do it.

(4) How We Can Help Them — Our responsibility in Preventing Railroad Accidents.

References:

The Boys' Book of Railroads, by Irving Crump; Dodd, Mead and Company, New York. Excellent for stories of employees, describing in simple, non-technical terms the work and responsibilities of men in the various branches of railroad service.

The Story of the Railroad, by Cy Warman; D. Appleton and Company, New York.

Great American Industries: Book IV, Transportation, by W. F. Rocheleau; A. Flanagan and Company, Chicago.

EIGHTH GRADE

(A) *National Safety Measures*¹

- (1) Coast Guard service. Light houses and life-saving stations.
- (2) Forest Service. Cost of forest fires to the nation ; training and duties of foresters.
- (3) Forestry as a profession. The use of the airship in forest protection.
- (4) National Bureaus at Washington — Weather, Public Roads, Soil, Entomology, Animal Industry, Plant Industry, Markets, Farm Management, Horticultural, Insecticide and Fungicide — all safeguarding the health of Uncle Sam's big family of citizens.
- (5) Our army, navy, and air service ; how each is organized and maintained, and the value of its service to the nation.
- (6) The objects of education in a democracy.
- (7) What sanitation did for the Panama Canal Zone.

(B) *Safety Work and Arithmetic*²

Once a week have a safety problem exercise in the arithmetic class. The boy or girl who has the problem for the day will stand before the class and demonstrate the problem, following with a short discussion of the safety rules or principles illustrated. Some problems are given here ; others may be provided by the class. In demonstrating use the board as much as possible, both for figures and for diagrams or graphs. Make this an exercise in oral English as well as in arithmetic and safety work.

(1) An automobilist stopped to get some gas at night. Thoughtlessly he struck a match to see how full the tank was. An explosion followed, wrecking his machine com-

¹ From *A Course of Study in Safety Education*, by H. E. Beard, Detroit Public Schools.

² The problems in this section were given in the eighth grade of the Mosser School, at Allentown, Pennsylvania.

pletely and burning him so that he had to spend 3 weeks in the hospital. He was away from his work for 3 months. His salary was \$200 a month and he received only $\frac{1}{2}$ of his salary while absent. His hospital expenses and doctor's bill amounted to \$120. What was his loss in salary?

If his machine was worth \$1500 and he had it insured for $\frac{2}{3}$ of its value, paying \$100 for the insurance, what did he lose on the machine? What was his total loss?

- (a) What are some other dangerous ways of using matches?
- (b) What warnings would you give to a person who does not know how to use gasoline safely?

(2) A man walking west on Hamilton Street, south side, when within 80 feet of Eighth Street cut across to the opposite corner. If Hamilton Street is 60 feet wide at this point, how many feet did he walk in the street? How many feet should he have traveled in crossing (assuming that the streets intersected at right angles)?

- (a) Is it always advisable to try to save time?
- (b) Why may it be unsafe to cross a street diagonally?

(3) In haste to prepare breakfast, a woman poured kerosene on an apparently dead fire to get it started. The explosion that followed set fire to the house and burned it, with its contents, to the ground. The house was valued at \$7500, and contents at \$1200; they were insured for $\frac{2}{3}$ of their value at $\frac{7}{8}\%$. Find (1) the premium; (2) the owner's loss; (3) the loss to the insurance company.

- (a) What is the correct way to build a fire?
- (b) What accidents have you known of that resulted from pouring kerosene on fire?

(4) Two boys were in a barn smoking cigarettes. The result was a fire that caused damages of \$5400. If 40% of the value of the barn and contents was saved, what was the value of the barn and contents?

- (a) Explain how fires start from smoking.
- (b) Were these boys guilty of a crime? Explain.

(5) The boys of class 8-1 had determined to have 100% attendance during September. One of the boys on a "dare" climbed a neighbor's pear tree to get some pears. He fell off the tree, breaking his arm. As a result he missed 9 days of school. September had 17 school days. If there were 16 boys in the section and all the rest had a perfect attendance, what was the per cent of attendance for the month?

(a) Should you ever accept a "dare"?

(b) Has any one ever "dared" you? In what way?

(6) In a baseball game between two eighth grades, the catcher insisted on catching without a mask. On a foul tip, the ball caught him on the nose, making it necessary to call a physician. The physician's bill was \$6. The boy's father earned \$24 a week. What per cent of the father's weekly wage was needed to pay for his son's foolishness?

(a) What are the safety devices of baseball?

(b) If a boy persists in ignoring safety devices in play, can he be trusted with responsible work when he is a man?

(c) Has your father ever paid for your foolishness? How?

(7) A boy took a chance to coast across an intersection of streets. He was hit by an automobile and so injured that he lost $16\frac{1}{2}$ days of school. If the school term consisted of 198 days, what per cent of the term did he attend?

(a) Where is the proper place to coast?

(b) Under what conditions is it safe to coast in the street?

(8) Through neglect a slight scratch on a man's hand led to blood poisoning. As a result the man lost 3 weeks' work. Compensation insurance paid him \$15 a week. He belonged to a lodge which paid him \$5 a week after the first week's illness. His physician made 8 calls, charging \$3 a call. What was the man's financial loss, considering that he usually worked $5\frac{1}{2}$ days a week, 8 hours a day, at 70 cents an hour?

(a) Why are small wounds dangerous?

(b) What are some of the common ways of getting slight wounds?

(c) How should all such wounds be treated?

(9) A boy stole some percussion caps from the supply house in a stone quarry, to use for a Fourth of July celebration. In attempting to explode one of the caps with a stone, the boy injured his hand so that three fingers had to be amputated. This loss lessened his earning capacity by \$16 a month. Assuming that a man's earning power extends over a period of 40 years, what did this foolish stunt cost him, not counting the interest on his money?

If the amount of money which the boy apparently lost in one year had been placed on interest at $4\frac{1}{2}\%$, in what time would the interest have equaled the principal?

- (a) What other explosives are dangerous for children to handle?
- (b) Do you believe that a patriotic motive led this boy to steal? Explain.

(10) A boy who was crossing the street in the middle of the block, ran in front of a machine. The driver, in an effort to avoid hitting the boy, turned sharply and struck a machine coming in the opposite direction. Both machines were damaged, and one man was taken to the hospital. The hospital bill amounted to \$76. The cost of repairing the machines amounted to \$244 and \$280 respectively. Both carried a partial insurance making the insurance company liable for damages over \$100. Each driver agreed to pay his own bill plus $\frac{1}{2}$ of the hospital expenses. What per cent of each man's bill was paid by the insurance company?

- (a) Where is the proper place to cross a street?
- (b) What advantages are there in crossing at intersections?

(11) A man built a medicine cabinet 24" by 15" by 8". What did it cost him if he paid 75 cents for a lock and key, 15 cents for hinges, and \$240 per M for the boards? He used 1-inch boards and allowed 2 board feet for waste.

- (a) Why should every family have a medicine cabinet?
- (b) What precautions should be taken to protect a family from wrong medicines?

(C) *Topics for Assembly Talks*

(1) Topic: The Pedestrian and the Driver.

- (a) Precautions that the pedestrian must take ; what to do if caught in traffic in the middle of a street ; why jaywalking is dangerous for the pedestrian and unfair to the driver.
- (b) Traffic officers, why stationed and where.
- (c) Traffic signals and " silent policemen."
- (d) One-way streets ; safety zones ; route of traffic through our most crowded square ; grade crossings.
- (e) Rules for right of way ; left-hand turns ; passing street cars ; sounding horn ; signaling ; carrying lights.
- (f) Rules for trucks with overhanging loads.

(2) Topic: Fire Protection in Our Community.

- (a) Fire stations, where located.
- (b) Organization of firemen.
- (c) Equipment for the city or town.
- (d) Number and location of fire-alarm boxes.
- (e) How a small fire is handled ; a large fire.
- (f) Use of fire extinguishers.
- (g) Regulations as to doors and fire escapes in buildings.
- (h) Rule about parking a car near a hydrant.
- (i) Regulations about making bonfires.

(3) Topic: Forest Fires.

- (a) Seasons.
- (b) Causes.
- (c) Danger to life and property.
- (d) Destruction of valuable natural resources.
- (e) How the rangers fight fires.
- (f) Reforestation.
- (g) Forest areas in our state.
- (h) How our state conserves its forests.

(D) *A Safety Demonstration*

Following is an outline of a safety demonstration given by the special departments of the Larkin School, at Chester, Pennsylvania. It might be used as the basis for three short assembly programs.

(1) Sewing.

- (a) Using the sewing machine.
- (b) The harmful needle.
- (c) Injury caused by not wearing a thimble.
- (d) Injury to the teeth caused by biting threads.
- (e) Correct way of holding the work when sewing by hand.
- (f) Correct position when sewing by machine.
- (g) How to avoid eyestrain.

(2) Cooking.

- (a) Care of matches.
- (b) Lighting gas burners.
- (c) Care taken when using deep fat for frying.
- (d) Care to take in handling kettles or pans filled with boiling water, to avoid scalding.
- (e) How to handle hot utensils without burning fingers or hands.
- (f) Use and care of cleansing materials containing gasoline.
- (g) Practice in the proper use of the fire-proof blanket in case of accident with gas burners or burning fat or oil.

(3) Manual Training.

- (a) Cautions for use of sharp edged tools.
- (b) Attention to cuts and splinters.
- (c) Safe methods for use of machinery.
- (d) The home tool chest: minimum equipment for it; proper care of the tools; safeguarding the younger children from accidents with nails and tools.

VII

SUGGESTIONS FOR ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS ¹

- (1) Hold a debate. Some subjects connected with safety are:
 - (a) Resolved: That nobody under sixteen years of age should be given a license to drive a motor vehicle.
 - (b) Resolved: That the cost of abolishing all grade crossings in the state should be paid by the state.
 - (c) Resolved: That swimming is the perfect exercise.
- (2) Dramatize a rescue from drowning and resuscitation by the prone pressure method.²
- (3) Plan a court trial of the chief causes of falls and falling objects. Placard each child with his name (cause) in bold type. Have the charges made and argued in court. Indicate in some manner the reform that will be brought about.
- (4) Have a parade about the building of the Causes, in the custody of the officers "Be Careful."
- (5) Hold an Electrical Exhibition in the school building in charge of the Junior Safety Council of the school. There should be three classes of exhibits: (a) those already within the building—electric light, telephone, thermostat, etc.; (b) those brought from home—toys, heaters, vibrators, telegraph and radio sets, etc.; (c) those represented by pictures and diagrams.

A committee will see that only one of each type of appliance is exhibited; that is, one electric iron, one toy train, etc.

¹ From *Safety Education, A Plan Book for the Elementary School*, Board of Education, Chicago, Illinois.

² *The First Aid Manual*, issued by The American Red Cross, Washington, D. C., gives full directions for resuscitation.

Another committee will number and label each exhibit and will make a catalogue. This catalogue may be mimeographed or copied on a portable blackboard. Another committee will act as guides so that all the pupils may see all the exhibits. Another committee will plan an assembly in the school hall. The program might consist of:

Reading of essays on "The Use and Danger of Electric Appliances."

Display of the best posters on electricity.

Demonstration of prone pressure method.

Music by radio.

Talk on "Electrical Safety."

- (6) Give a Safety Play. The Education Division of the National Safety Council (120 West 42d Street, New York) publishes several little plays suitable for use in school assemblies:

Bill's Christmas Fright, by Frances Stuart.

Bruin's Inn, by Anne Townsend.

The Cracker Conspiracy, by Anne Townsend.

The Hero, by Mary Foote.

The Magic Crystal, by Lucy Barton.

Speaking Shoes, by Stella Boothe.

The Runaway Ball, by Mary Foote.

VIII

SAFETY SONGS

(1) ¹

(To the tune of "Yankee Doodle")

When Yankee Doodle came to town,
Through lane and street and byway,
He looked around and up and down,
Before he crossed the highway.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle had some pep,
Dressed up spick and spandy.
Oh, be careful, watch your step
Like Yankee Doodle Dandy!

He learned to watch the traffic line,
Made "SAFETY FIRST" his motto;
And when the p'liceman gave the sign,
Then straight across he'd trot-O!

M. JOSEPHINE MORONEY

(2) ²

(To the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, Guards of Safety,
Making life secure.
Carelessness and folly
We will strive to cure.
We will watch with keenness;
We will list'n with care;
We will act with caution;
We'll not rashly dare.

¹ By the Teachers' Safety Council, Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

² From the *Milwaukee No-Accident School Program*.

Chorus

Onward, Guards of Safety,
Making life secure.
Carelessness and folly
We will not endure.

Join us, all ye people,
Join our earnest throng;
Add to ours your efforts
To o'ercome this wrong.
We will walk in safety,
Happiness pursue,
Play and work safeguarded,
If you aid us true.

(3) ¹

(To the tune of "Smiles")

There are eyes that look at every corner,
There are feet that cross the street with care,
There are ears that listen to the warning
Of the autos that happen to be there.
Then keep your eyes and ears wide open,
Let your feet be careful where they stray,
And remember that the boy or girl who's careful
Will be kept safe from harm all day.

ELEANOR M. JOLLIE

(4) ¹

(To the tune of "Tipperary")

Take a long look at every crossing,
Take a long look around!
Take a long look at every crossing,
Where the auto horns resound.
Make "SAFETY FIRST" your slogan!
Watch your step with care!
Take a long, long look at every crossing,
For there's danger there!

ELEANOR M. JOLLIE

¹ By the Teachers' Safety Council, Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

(5) ¹

(To the tune of "Auld Lang Syne")

The hen, she is a silly bird ;
She hasn't any wits ;
She never looks before she goes,
But carelessly she flits.

Across the busy, crowded street
With cars and trolleys filled,
Flippety-flip, she tries to cross,
And sometimes she gets killed.

There is a moral in this tale
For Sue and Bess and Ben, —
When crossing streets with trolley tracks
Don't act just like a hen.

(6) ²

(To the tune of "Jingle Bells")

There was a little Boy,
And he had a roller skate ;
He flew along the highway,
Travelling in state.

He spied a Motor Bus,
And thought he'd hang behind ;
He knew he shouldn't do it —
That he didn't mind.

The driver couldn't see,
And soon increased his pace ;
The Boy was very happy,
Smiles were on his face.

The story isn't done,
Though I'm coming to the end ;
The Bus turned round the corner —
But not our little friend.

¹ From "The Trumpet," P. S. II, Manhattan, New York City.

² Used by School No. 13, Baltimore, Maryland, Miss Elizabeth G. Smyth, Principal.

(7) ¹

(To the tune of "Peggy O'Neil")

If she looks before she steps,
That's Peggy O'Neil.
If she plays not in the streets,
That's Peggy O'Neil.
If she never JAY WALKS but crosses with care,
If she is careful almost everywhere,
Walks with propriety,
Happy and carefree,
That's Peggy O'Neil.

(8) ¹

(To the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic")

We're careful in the morning,
When we're on our way to school,
We're careful when we're going home,
To break no safety rule.
We're careful in the building,
On the steps we never fool;
For we're careful all the time.

Chorus

Safety First is what we practice,
Safety First is what we practice,
Safety First is what we practice,
For we're careful all the time.

We never run in front of cars,
Nor hang on to a truck;
We look before we cross the street
Just so we shan't be struck.
We know that accidents are not
A matter just of *luck*,
So we're careful all the time.

¹ Used by School No. 13, Baltimore, Maryland, Miss Elizabeth G. Smyth, Principal.

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